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2 vols

MY RECOLLECTIONS.

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VOL. I.

MY RECOLLECTIONS

FROM

1806 TO 1873.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

"Though far away,
Though ruthless time has scattered memory's dream,
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest, where all is changed, like islands on a stream."
BRYDSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

La Bruyère on Memoirs—Youthful Days—Charles, third Duke of Richmond — William Pitt—Hard Drinkers—Sir Robert Viner and King Charles II.—Bacchanalian Song—Anecdotes of George the Fourth—Past and Present Dinners—Wines and Malt Liquors—Lord Normanby—Charles Mathews—Modern Innovations 3

CHAPTER II.

Goodwood—Practical Joke—Miss Le Clerc—The Earl of Egremont—Westminster School—Four in Hand Club—Romeo Coates—The Amateur of Fashion—Sadler's Wells Theatre—The Margravine of Anspach—Great Frost of 1813—Wellington—Anecdotes of a French Officer at Waterloo—Captains Adair and Burgess 27

CHAPTER III.

The Army as it was, and as it is—The Blues—The Princess Charlotte of Wales—Her Early Life—Marriage and Funeral—Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—Queen Caroline's Riots—A Radical embedded in Mud—A Timid Magistrate—Anecdote of Robert William Ellington — Unpopularity of George IV. 55

CHAPTER IV.

Social Character of the Blues—A Trusty Batman—Review in Honour of Dom Miguel—Sanguinary Code—The Ingoldsby Legends — Lord TomNoddy — Pugilistic Encounters—The Fighting Life-Guardsman—Byron's Fistic Career—A Pugilistic Guard of Honour—George IV. a Patron of the Ring—Prize-Fights 87

CHAPTER V.

Duelling—Sanguinary Duel between Messrs. Munro and Green—Travelling as it was—As it is—A Stage-Coach Dinner—Strange Passengers—Journey of the Prince of Denmark in 1703—State of the Roads — Journey from Goodwood to London—Journey described by Vanbrugh—Anecdote of the Road—Oxonians fairly taken in 115

CHAPTER VI.

The Cato Street Conspiracy—Thistlewood in Newgate—Lord FitzClarence and the Turnpike-man—A Dinner at the Garrick—William Jerdan—The Dead Dog—An Unexpected Surprise 137

CHAPTER VII.

The Westminster Play—Terence's First Comedy—Denunciation of the Stage by the Clergy—The Drama—Loyalty of the Players—Garrick and the M.P.—Funeral of the English Roscius—Garrick's Verses — Pamphlet against Licensing Theatres—French Compliment paid to Shakespeare . 151

CHAPTER VIII.

Extraordinary Changes in Theatres—Joseph Grimaldi—Metropolitan Theatres Fifty Years ago—Run of the Old Comedies at the Present Day—Improvements in the Comforts of Theatres — Miss O'Neill — Bannister—Braham—Malibran—Barclay and Perkins—The M.P. staggered—Actors of the Day 165

CHAPTER IX.

Amateur Theatricals at Carton, Wynnstay, Knebworth, and Hitchin Priory—Peculiarities of Amateurs—Contretemps at some French Theatres — Actresses engaged for Private Theatricals—Acting Charades—An Awkward Fix—Ovation to Lord Lytton—King's Theatre, Haymarket . . 197

CHAPTER X.

Returned as M.P. for King's Lynn—Election Expenses—Lord George Bentinck as a Public Speaker—A Belgian Orator—My Maiden Speech—Speeches in Parliament on the Reform Bill; on the Anatomy Bill; on the Bill for Regulating the Labour of Children and Young Persons—Defence of my Brother, the Postmaster-General . . . 229

CHAPTER XI.

Begging-Letter Impostors—Fleeced by a Soi-Disant Elector—Another Victim of a Certain "Industrious Class"—Jack Turner's Yarn—"Dodge" of a Gallant Captain—A Sharp Capture—Humours of an Election—A Political Mongrel—The Member for King's Lynn captured as a Rickburner—Narrow Escape 271

CHAPTER XII.

The Law of Primogeniture—Gavelkind—Gambling—"Keep off the Turf"—Clubs—Brooks'—Whites'—Lines on Fox—Fifth Earl of Carlisle—His Letter to George Selwyn—Letters from John Hare—"The Hare with many Friends"—William Pitt—Female Gamesters—Lady Elizabeth Luttrell . . . 293

CHAPTER I.

LA BRUYÈRE ON MEMOIRS—YOUTHFUL DAYS—CHARLES, THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND—WILLIAM PITT—HARD DRINKERS—SIR ROBERT VINER AND KING CHARLES II.—BACCHANALIAN SONG—ANECDOTES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH—PAST AND PRESENT DINNERS—WINES AND MALT LIQUORS—LORD NORMANBY—CHARLES MATHEWS—MODERN INNOVATIÓNS.

CHAPTER I.

"Though far away,
Though ruthless time has scattered memory's dream,
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest, where all is changed, like islands on a stream."

BRYDSON.

"UN vieillard qui a vécu à la cour, qui a un grand sens et une mémoire fidèle, est un trésor inestimable; il est plein de faits et de maximes: l'on y trouve l'histoire du siècle revêtue de circonstances très curieuses, et qui ne se lisent nulle part; l'on y apprend des règles pour la conduite et pour les mœurs, qui sont toujours sûres, parce qu'elles sont fondées sur l'expérience." So writes La Bruyère, in his celebrated work, "Les Caractères ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle," and although, unlike De Villeroi, to whom the writer refers, I can scarcely boast

of having lived at Court, or of possessing great wisdom, I may lay claim to a faithful memory, which I trust will enable me to describe scenes I have witnessed, to record anecdotes I have heard, and to bring before the reader photographic likenesses of many worthies, and unworthies, who have figured upon the world's stage in high, middle, and low life, during the present century. In many similar works, the author, when giving a racy anecdote, mars, to my mind, the effect by a number of asterisks, describing how the Earl of ——, the Lady ——, Sir ——, and General —— conducted themselves; my idea is that, if names ought not to be given for fear of wounding the sensibilities of relations, the anecdote ought to be entirely suppressed. After all, the asterisks furnish a very flimsy veil, as anyone bent on discovering the real names may easily do so by referring to the Peerage, Baronetage, or Annual Register. Acting upon this, while avoiding all offence, I shall certainly give my characters "a local habitation and a name."

As at the time of my birth, September 20th,

1799, my father, then Major-General Lennox, was second in command of the Yorkshire Military District, under Major-General Lord Mulgrave, then stationed at Hull, I first saw light at a most romantic spot, Winestead Abbey; from thence we removed to Sussex, where we occupied Stoke, then and now belonging to the Richmond family. I well remember my first visit to Goodwood, and my introduction to my father's uncle, the third Duke of Richmond, who was then in his 70th year.*

* The Duke of Richmond here referred to was the third of the line, and came to the title and estates at the early age of fifteen. Like his predecessors, he chose the military profession, and arrived at the rank of major-general. Great attention was paid to his education, and when only sixteen he set out on his travels, and remained some time abroad. While on the Continent, the Duke of Richmond imbibed a taste for the fine arts, and there is but little doubt that the encouragemeut first afforded by him to British artists finally led to the establishment of the present Royal Academy. In March, 1758, he opened a gallery at his house in Whitehall, in which was displayed a large collection of original plaster casts taken from the best ancient statues and busts, both of Rome and Florence. Every painter, sculptor, or student was freely admitted; and for the further encouragement of genius, His Grace bestowed two medals annually on such as had exhibited the two best models. In 1756 His Grace took his seat

For the last eleven years of his life, His Grace turned farmer, and devoted himself to the improvement of his estates in Sussex, and at the period I saw him never shall I forget the snub he gave me when, upon inquiring what profession I was inclined to follow, I replied

in the House of Lords, and attached himself to the Whig interest, which, at that period, was headed by the first Duke of Newcastle.

In 1776 he was appointed Secretary of State for the Southern department, under Lord Rockingham, who held the seals of office but for a short time, and gave place to Lord North. From 1767 to 1782 the Duke continued uniformly in the opposition, during which period he denounced the American War. On the retirement of Lord North in 1782, Lord Rockingham and the Whigs came again into office, and the Duke of Richmond was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance. Within a few months, however, this administration was dissolved, and His Grace joined a strong opposition under a young and eloquent leader, William Pitt, who, in 1783, drove their enemies from the field. The Duke again accepted his old office at the Ordnance, which he retained till the latter end of the year 1795. His Grace was a thorough reformer, and supported annual parliaments and universal suffrage. Among his intimate friends and guests were the first Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Norfolk, and other leading Whigs of the day. Romney, the eminent portrait-painter, constantly partook of the hospitalities of Goodwood, and has left there a memorial of his talent in a well executed likeness of his patron.

the army. "Better take to farming," said he, "like your brother—I call him Farmer George." The Duke not only called him "Farmer George," but in admiration for his juvenile predilection for agricultural pursuits, bequeathed valuable property to him in Sussex. My brother, however, entered the army, and served with distinction during the Peninsular campaign and at Waterloo.

I have omitted to mention that the Right Honourable William Pitt stood as one of my sponsors; but as that illustrious statesman died when I was in my sixth year, I have only a faint recollection of him. Still I do remember a tallish spare man, with a rather red face, asking me what I intended to be, and, upon my mother responding "a soldier," Mr. Pitt forwarded me a very handsome sword, which had been presented to him by some public body, upon his appointment as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Upon the blade of this sword Mr. Pitt's crest is beautifully engraved, and I need scarcely add it is treasured by me as the gift of one of whom it has been truly said by his noble biographers, "Glorious was his course,

and long the track of light he left behind him. May that course be followed, nay, may that track of light be trod in by many—very many statesmen of the coming time. Some only can partake of its glory, but all may be guided by its ray."

To resume—at the time I write of, drinking was one of the grossest vices of the day, and as the Goodwood Hunt was then in its glory, Stoke was the scene of many vivacious and bibacious nights. Six o'clock was the latest hour at which people sat down to dinner, indeed in many houses, it took place an hour earlier, and as among the fox-hunters there were at least some half-dozen four-bottle men, what ought to have proved the "feast of reason" ended in being "the flow of bowl." No sooner had the ladies left the room than a horse-shoe-shaped mahogany table was placed before the fire; fresh glasses, deviled biscuits, and a magnum of port made their appearance, and the orgies began. Toasts were drunk, fines of salt water were inflicted upon those who would not fill their glasses, Bacchanalian songs were sung, and by midnight those who were not under

the table were able to shout forth practically the burden of a song then much in vogue:—

"I was drunk with my passion—so mortally drunk,
That nothing would do but a reel,"

and forthwith those who could stand upon their legs reeled into the drawing-room, where none but a few strong-minded women accustomed to such scenes were to be found, the weaker and more prudent having retired to their rooms. Among other songs, the following, written by Thomas Shadwell, was a universal favourite among those who indulged in "potations pottle deep," and there is an anecdote connected with it which may not prove uninteresting.

After the great fire of London, Sir Robert Viner built a stately mansion, eastward of, but immediately adjoining St. Mary Woolnoth church. Here he was visited by King Charles the Second, and being the royal banker, was consulted on pecuniary matters, more particularly during his mayoralty in 1674-5. On one occasion the Kings of England and London became gloriously mellow; and Charles, when about to enter his coach, on his return

westward, was urgently entreated by Sir Robert to "stay and take another bottle." Seducing and seduced, to this the King jovially consented, and thrusting his arm within the Lord Mayor's, the reeling potentates returned to the table, singing jollily,

"For a man that is drunk is as great as a king,"

Jacob Henry Burn, in his most interesting work, "A Descriptive Catalogue of the London Traders', Tavern, and Coffee-house Tokens," thus describes the song, "That the line above quoted was derived from some Bacchanalian ballad, and one the King, possibly, sang among his dissolute midnight companions, has been generally conceded, but it has hitherto eluded discovery; chance has, however, shown it to be a portion of the following:—

"Come, hang up your care, and cast away sorrow;
Drink on; he's a sot that e'er thinks of to-morrow,
Good store of tierce claret supplies everything,
For a man that is drunk is as great as a king.
Let no one with crosses or losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the vine,
Diseases and troubles are ne'er to be found,
But in that dull place where the glass goes not round.
Come, hang up your care, &c."

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY, 1672.

To this a note is appended.—The catch, "Come lay by your cares," was written by Thomas Shadwell, and sung in the third act of his comedy of "The Miser," at Drury Lane in 1671-2. Sir Richard Steele, *Spectator*, No. 462, refers the incident to Guildhall, during the mayoralty dinner of that year. The freaks of royalty were sufficiently absurd, but that this should have occurred at a public festival is past credence.*

In a work entitled "The Words of the Favourite Catches and Glees," performed at Ranelagh House, on the 12th of May, 1767, I find the following catch dedicated to Bacchus, the writer of which evidently owes his inspiration to the juice of the grape:—

* Sir John Sinclair, in his "Code of Health," relates that a Mr. Vantom drank 36,688 bottles, or 59 pipes of port wine, in the space of twenty-three years, and not many years ago a friend of mine consulted Dr. Jephson, at Leamington, for an incipient attack of delirium tremens, which eventually carried him off. "What wine do you drink?" asked the doctor. "I can easily answer that question," responded the patient, "five hundred and forty-seven bottles and a half." The worthy M.D. looked surprised. "Yes," replied the other, "a bottle and a half of port every day, and if I miss it one day, I soon make up the loss by an extra allowance the next."

Q. Which is the properest day to drink? Saturday, Sunday, or Monday?

A. Each is the properest day, I think. Why should we name but one day?

Q. Tell me but yours, I'll mention my day. Let us but fix upon some day?

A. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

George the Fourth in early days, as Prince Regent, loved his bottle, and, in company with his friend Sheridan, indulged in it pretty freely, and this reminds me of an anecdote connected with His Royal Highness :—

Upon one occasion, during a visit to the third Lord Bathurst, for so many years Secretary of State for the Department of War and the Colonies, the Prince Regent was in wonderfully high spirits, and delighted the whole company by his smart sayings. In those days drinking was the fashion, unlike the present, when at eleven o'clock (according to the song),

"John informs the company he's taken up the tea."

About midnight, after a large dinner, the noble host asked his illustrious visitor whether he would like another bottle of claret (genuine

Sneyd, and not the weak washy stuff of the present time), or coffee. There was a hesitation, many of the wine-bibbers were anxious for the last, or what was called the "host's bottle;" but all waited for the Prince's opinion.

"A bottle of claret or coffee, Your Royal Highness?" asked the butler, a fine portly old servant of the by-gone day.

"Oh!" responded the Heir to the Throne, "a magnum of coffee, if you please."

A magnum of the juice of the grape, not the berry of the Ethiopian plant, was brought, and this was followed by "just one more bottle," before the gentlemen joined the ladies.

On another occasion George the Fourth received a reply to an invitation to dinner, in which the writer expressed his sense of the "honour he would have in waiting upon His Majesty at dinner." "Waiting upon me at dinner," said the modern Sardanapalus, "then I hope he will bring his napkin."

What a contrast there is between the Apician feasts of the present day and the more humble one of sixty years ago, when France was not accessible to Englishmen, and Parisian men-

cooks were scarce articles. People early in the present century dined at six o'clock, and were content with a good plain soup, fish, a joint, fowls, tongue, game, pastry, and jellies, to be washed down with strong October ale, sherry, bucellas, madeira, and port. The fashion prevailed of drinking wine with one another during dinner, and of filling bumpers after it to some fair one. At the present day, the single simple bill of fare no longer is written out in a good round hand, but makes its appearance, and is placed before every guest, in the shape of a *menu* beautifully printed in gold letters, with crests, coronets, and armorial bearings embossed upon it in the richest colours. It contains soups with names unknown to our ancestors—à la Palestine and à la bonne femme; fish, soles au gratin, rouget en cardinal, saumon à la Tartare, filets de merlans à la Ravigote, followed by two "assiettes volantes," marrow and oyster patties. Entrées named after celebrities of France in ancient and modern times, from Madame Maintenon down to l'Impératrice Eugénie. Relevés, rôts, entremets, and dessert following, with wines and liqueurs suitable to each dish. Punch,

madeira, Marcobrunner, sauterne, amontillado, champagne, dry and sweet, Lafitte claret, port, and liqueurs.

How our great grandfathers would stare if they saw the word "les appétissants" heading a bill of fare, which provocatives consist of anchovy toast with olives; and their mouths and eyes would have exceeded their usual dimensions if they had seen placed before them "chaud froid de côtelettes d'agneau à la Bellevue," which in English means a cold lamb cutlet, with a wonderful sauce, and which in warm weather is considered more likely to pamper the appetite than a hot entrée. Malt liquors flourished up to the reign of "Beau Brummell," when it was considered vulgar to indulge in them; previous to that, beer glasses were placed before every guest, and either home-brewed ale or the smallest of beer was handed round, very much after the manner that champagne is at the present day. Lord Normanby thus alludes to the custom in one of his works of fiction, "'Is not that a fashionable novelist opposite?' says an exquisite, 'Well, I'll astonish the fellow. Here, bring me a glass of table beer.'"

The Lord Normanby here referred to, was one of the most agreeable men I ever met; for although a great portion of his life was devoted to political affairs, and he held office at home and abroad, as Governor of Jamaica, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Secretary for the Colonies, Home Secretary, Ambassador to the Court of France, Minister at Tuscany, he was as delightful in all the generous offices of social intercourse as he was great in the most onerous duties of statesmanship. Nothing pleased him more than to escape from the House of Lords, after battling to procure the endowment of the great towns with the electoral franchise, and the purification of the House of Commons (for he took an active part in the Reform Bill of 1832) and to join a party at the Garrick Club, at Jerdan's, Barham's, Theodore Hook's, Rogers', Lady Blessington's, or other "houses of call" for literary and theatrical people. So popular was Lord Normanby during his administration of affairs in the Emerald Isle that O'Connell said of him that he was the best Englishman Ireland had ever seen.

During his residence in Italy, the private

theatricals of Florence were the talk of the day. Lord Normanby himself was a first-rate actor, and, instead of pampering the vulgar taste, now more prevalent, of performing burlesques and screaming farces, he brought out the best productions of our best writers. It was at Florence that the present Charles Mathews, the "worthy scion of a worthy sire," first imbibed that taste for theatricals which has since raised him to the highest pinnacle of histrionic art.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, and contrast the meals of past times with those of the present day, referring especially to that modern innovation—five o'clock tea. Our ancestors were content, and thrived upon a hearty breakfast, a light lunch of cake, sweet wine, or a sandwich, and a six o'clock dinner; but the present generation cannot keep life together—I speak of a large proportion of the gentler sex, and a considerable number of the male species—without a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter upon being called, a hot meat breakfast at ten o'clock, a heavy hot luncheon at half past one, a tea at five o'clock—the meal I protest against—including tea, coffee, bread and butter and cakes, dinner at from

seven-thirty to eight; tea and coffee to follow, and wine and water, sandwiches and biscuits, before retiring for the night.

To the above meals, with the exception of the five o'clock tea, there cannot be the slightest objection, but that one is a serious evil to those who during a hard day's exercise, hunting, shooting, riding, cricketing, rowing, or walking, have partaken of nothing, since breakfast, except a slight repast, and who look forward to enjoying their dinner in company with others. Such, however, is not the case, for as the ladies only sip a few spoonfuls of soup, decline fish, play with a *pâté des huitres*, eat part of the breast of a chicken, or a small portion of a lark or snipe, the plates are quickly removed, and the hungry lords of the creation find themselves left alone in their glory, either to eat by themselves, choke in their attempt to swallow their food, or patiently to submit to their fate, and send away the half-finished slice of venison, beef, or mutton, being looked down upon the whole time as great gormandizers by the tea-drinkers.

Another change has taken place for the worse.

In former times great care was taken, not only to provide the best wine, but to get it into perfect condition; and as British wines were introduced at a meal that was then scarcely known —the modern luncheon—foreign product was kept for after-dinner consumption. Such is no longer the custom; sherry is drunk at luncheon, and a glass of it constantly called for an hour before dinner. The result is that few of the Amphitryons keep up their cellars as they should be kept up; they are satisfied to go on the "hand to mouth" system, or to patronise some cheap Joint Stock Company, instead of annually inspecting their stock, replenishing it from a respectable wine-merchant, and keeping it until it is duly matured.

Since Mr. Gladstone's act of legislation, light secondary growth Bordeaux takes the place of the genuine Château-Margaux, and Haut Brion claret; Médoc of an inferior quality is substituted for the Clos Vougeot; Erbach and Hallenheim, German wines, are introduced instead of the nectar of the Rhine, Johannisberg and Steinberg; champagne, sweetened with white sugar from the Isle of Bourbon, is swallowed

by thousands instead of that grown on the estates of M. Moet and Madame Cliquot at Epernay; spurious port is passed off as the best "beeswing" now to be procured from the Alto Douro district in Portugal; adulterated sherry does duty for that produced from the pure Xeres grape; and Madeira, instead of being allowed to ripen under sundry voyages to the West or East Indies (D'Orsay was wont to say of his old Madeira, that it had got quite tired of so many voyages), has probably come direct from the island, originally of an inferior growth, and rendered worse by an admixture of ingredients well known to the trade, who advertise to sell at "alarmingly ruinous prices."

And here, while upon the subject, I must give an account of a sale that took place in Paris, in 1858, of the effects of the late Duchesse de Raguse, including a pipe of Madeira. This famous wine, known to all as the "1814," was fished up near Antwerp in 1814, where it had lain in the carcase of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Scheldt in 1778, and which had been there ever since. As soon as the valuable discovery was made known, Louis XVIII despatched an

agent to secure the precious relic. A share of the glorious beverage was presented to the French Consul who had assisted at its discovery, and thus it came into the cellars of the Duc de Raguse. Only four and forty bottles remained, and these were literally sold for their weight in gold to Rothschild, who was opposed by Véron and Millaud. Véron was angry, because, he declared, he had made the reputation of the wine by mentioning it in his Memoirs, on the occasion of the dinner given to Taglioni by the Duchesse de Raguse, whereat the famous "1814" was produced, as the highest honour that could be paid to the great artiste, "La Déesse de la Danse."

An event occurred, early in 1806, which threw a sad gloom over my family at Goodwood and Stoke; it was the death of William Pitt, who expired on the 23rd of January, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which he had first taken his seat in the House of Commons. The House of Commons honoured his memory with a public funeral, and voted the sum of forty thousand pounds for the payment of his debts. The death of this great Minister, who had served

his country so long and so faithfully, was deeply felt by all who knew how to appreciate true greatness.

"Poor Pitt," wrote Wilberforce, "I almost believe died of a broken heart; for it is only due to him to declare that the love of his country burned in him with as ardent a flame as ever warmed the human bosom; and the accounts from the armies" (this refers to the capitulation of Ulm and battle of Austerlitz) "struck a death's blow within."

Horner too says: "No one, even with all his party antipathies, or with all his resentment for the mischiefs which have been brought upon the country, can be insensible to the death of so eminent a man. In the place where I am sitting now" (the gallery of the House of Commons), "I feel this more than seems quite reasonable to myself. I cannot forget how this space has been filled with his magnificent and glowing declamations, or reflect with composure that that fine instrument of sound is extinguished for ever."

Lord Wellesley, another mourner, wrote: "We attended him to Westminster Abbey. There the

grave of his illustrious father was opened to receive him, and we saw his remains deposited on the coffin of his venerated parent. What grave contains such a father and such a son? What sepulchre embosoms the remains of so much excellence and glory?"

His rival, Fox, while alluding to the prostrate state of the suffering Minister, was deeply affected: "*Sunt lacrymæ rerum,*" he said, "*et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

Lord Grenville too, who, it appears, was not on speaking terms with Pitt, broke into an agony of tears when told that the dissolution of his relative and rival was fast approaching.

But I must refer my readers to Earl Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," and will only remark that there were a few much-to-be lamented exceptions to the rule, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" for Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," records that Thurlow, to whom his old colleague and enemy's death was announced when examining the Townley Marbles at the British Museum, merely said, "A d—d good hand at turning a period."

In the month of December, 1806, the third Duke of Richmond died, and my father succeeded

to the title and estates. His Grace's death took place at Goodwood on the 29th of December, and in consequence of his severe illness our Christmas festivities had been considerably curtailed. Great was my surprise one morning, when sitting down to breakfast, to be told that I was no longer Master Willy, but Lord William, and that my elder brother, instead of being Master Charles, was henceforth to be called the Earl of March. Shortly after this we removed from Stoke to Goodwood, and a brief description of that domain may not be uninteresting.

CHAPTER II.

GOODWOOD—PRACTICAL JOKE—MISS LE CLERC—THE EARL OF EGREMONT—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—FOUR IN HAND CLUB—ROMEO COATES—THE AMATEUR OF FASHION—SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE—THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH—GREAT FROST OF 1813—WELLINGTON—ANECDOTES OF A FRENCH OFFICER AT WATERLOO—CAPTAINS ADAIR AND BURGESS.

CHAPTER II.

GOODWOOD, which derives its name from its Saxon owner, Goduinus, was included in the survey made of the kingdom by the direction of the Norman conqueror, and appears in Domesday Book as Godinwood. It is in the manor and parish of Boxgrove. In the reign of Henry I., the Lordships of Boxgrove and Halnaker were united, and given to Robert de Haiâ, who had married a lady of royal blood. The joint property passed through his descendants by the female side to Sir Thomas West, Lord de la Warre, who was compelled by Henry VIII, to exchange it for the Abbey of Whewill, in Hampshire, A.D. 1540. It remained vested in the Crown until 1560, when Henry, Earl of Arundel, obtained a grant to hold it *in capite;* in 1584,

John, Lord Lumley and Jane Fitzalan, his wife, alienated it by sale to Henry Walrond, Esq. It was thus described, "Rot. Par. 26th of Elizabeth, Godinwood Manor, with its appendages, two houses, four gardens, two orchards, two hundred acres of park land, ten of arable, five hundred of pasture, and three hundred of wood, &c., in Hamptonet." In the reign of Charles II, it was in the possession of the family of Caryll, of Hastings, as appears by an act of attainder against John Caryll, Esq., of Goodwood, passed in the 26th year of his reign. About the year 1720, the estate was purchased by Charles, first Duke of Richmond, of the family of Compton, who then held the manor of the adjacent parish of East Lavant. Halnaker, or Halnecke, which was built in the reign of Henry VIII., was purchased in 1765, by the third Duke of Richmond. King Edward visited the place, July 27, 1551; and in a "Legend of Halnecke," which I wrote for an Annual some years ago, details of the royal visit are given.

Among the hunting celebrities of the day, in the county of Sussex, and a constant visitor at Stoke, was a Miss Le Clerc, who after-

wards married General Dorien of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues). Tall, thin, muscular, and endowed with a masculine mind, this lady never allowed cold or wet to interfere with her favourite pursuit, and as, at the period I write of, hounds met early in the morning, and evening had long set in before the sport was over, it required strength of body to undergo such a day's fatigue. Although in appearance Miss Le Clerc could hardly be said to personify the Thracian huntress, she certainly equalled her in the field :—

"Qualis equos Threïssa fatigat
Harpalyce, volucremque fugâ prævertitur Eurum."

This lady was rather morose in her manner, and very severe upon young people; she seemed quite to forget that she had been once young herself, and never made the slightest allowance for the frailty of boys. Upon one occasion she reported a brother of mine and myself for some juvenile folly, and called upon our tutor to punish us severely, to which appeal he attended. The result was that, instead of being allowed to go out coursing on our ponies, we

were confined to the house for the best part of the day, with extra work. Smarting under the unjust infliction, we meditated revenge, which, upon the following morning, we carried out.

It was the habit at Stoke, where Miss Le Clerc was on a visit, to have the boots of the sportsmen and sportswomen left at the doors of their respective rooms, and among the most conspicuous that we had noticed was a pair with which this then spinster was in the habit of encasing her legs; so procuring a bottle of red ink, one of black, and two sponges, we soaked the latter in the liquid, and deposited the whole in the boots. Early in the morning, a cry, which might be heard all over the house, proceeded from Miss Le Clerc's room, and great was our consternation when shortly afterwards the infuriated spinster rushed into our schoolroom, boots in hand, one stocking red, the other black.

"Shameful! disgraceful!" she exclaimed. "I hope you will punish them severely."

This was addressed to our tutor, who echoed the sentiment, "Shameful, disgraceful!" but

the lady was not a favourite in the house, and considering the heinous nature of our crime, the punishment was light. Happily a good day's sport restored the huntress to good humour, and at dessert we were forgiven. I own we felt deep remorse at our unwarrantable revenge.

Among the Sussex worthies, a constant visitor at Goodwood, with whom I was on terms of friendly intercourse, was the late Earl of Egremont, grandfather of the present Lord Leconfield. He was a warm patron of the arts, and Petworth was ever open to rising men of talent; his liberality was unbounded, and if ever there was a man that merited the character of a philanthropist, of one "who did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame," it was the third Earl of Egremont. One anecdote, among hundreds which I could quote, speaks volumes for his sense of justice, and proves his love of doing as he would be done by, while it shows that he altogether repudiated that modern slang version too often carried out, "Do, or you will be done-brown."

During some great panic, when many banks, especially country banks, had great runs upon

them, and there seemed every prospect of the awful words, "Stopped payment," being issued, a bank in Brighton was besieged, long before the hour of opening had arrived, by nervous men who had invested various sums in it, and who had been strongly advised by the state of the money-market to withdraw their deposits. Just as the doors were about to be opened Lord Egremont was seen to approach, and from a feeling of respect to this truly popular nobleman, those near the entrance made way for him. The countenances of all were now considerably elongated, for the natural conclusion was that the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex had come to draw out his balance, or at least part of it. The doors were opened, Lord Egremont entered, went up to the principal cashier, and in a loud voice said:—

"As there appears to be an unexpected panic in London, and as such a panic may have effect upon country banks, I have come early to place this sum to my account;" handing over at the same time notes to a large amount. The effect produced was magical. Those that came to draw remained to pay, or, at all events, allowed their accounts to remain intact.

While on the subject of banks, I cannot help recording an admirable saying of one of the wittiest men of our age, perhaps of any day, who, when Sir John Paul's bank stopped payment, was met coming out of it by a friend.

"So Sir John has failed?" said the friend.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "and I've been victimised."

"Really!" continued the other, "the news must have quite upset you."

"Not at all, I was not upset, although I lost my *balance*."

Early in the year 1808, I was sent to Westminster School, but as my adventures there have been already recorded in a work of fiction entitled "Percy Hamilton," I pass them over. Flogging at that period was as much in vogue as "tunding" has lately been at Winchester, and I got my share of it. Whether Dr. Cary imbibed the love of flogging from a celebrated predecessor, I know not, but he certainly never spoilt a child by sparing the rod, and it was said that the system at that time pursued at Westminster was founded upon the practice of Dr. Busby, who for fifty-five years ruled over

the destinies of that school with a rod of iron, or more strictly speaking one of birch, and who was so notorious for his Spartan discipline that, like the man referred to in one of Colman's farces, he flogged the boys every Monday morning, because he knew they would deserve it during the week. An incident not hitherto recorded merits a place.

During my third year at Westminster I was highly delighted at receiving an invitation, through a schoolfellow, to take an outside seat on one of the four-horse drags belonging to a distinguished member of the Driving Club, long since gathered to his ancestors, but whose kindness upon this and many other occasions I shall never forget. It was on the 3rd of June, 1811, that this club met in Hyde Park, with a view of driving to the Black Dog, Bedfont, where they were to dine; Sir Henry Peyton leading the van in a barouche landau, with four bays, followed by

Mr. Annesley's ditto, four roans (thorough bred).

Mr. Stephen Glynn's ditto, four bays.

Lord Edward Somerset's ditto.

Mr. Villebois'	four bays.
Mr. Harrison's	ditto.
Mr. Whitmore's	ditto.
Mr. O'Conor's	ditto.
Sir Henry Smith's	ditto.
Mr. Pierrepoint's	ditto.
Sir Thomas Mostyn's	ditto.
Lord Foley's	ditto.
Mr. J. Warde's	ditto.

The costume of the drivers will surprise the present generation; indeed in the day I write of, it was so *outré* that it was ridiculed by the elder Mathews on the stage in "Hit or Miss," and by Grimaldi in a Christmas pantomime. A light drab-coloured cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ancles, a mother-of-pearl button of the size of a crown-piece; waistcoat blue and yellow stripe, each stripe an inch in depth; small clothes, corded silk plush made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings, and rosettes to each knee; the boots very short, and finished with very broad straps, which hung over the tops, and down to the ancle; a hat three inches and a half deep in the

crown only, and the same depth in the brim. Each driver wore a large bouquet at the breast, thus resembling the coachmen on a drawing-room or levee day. After a very delightful drive, on a bright, joyous, sunny day, when, as the novelist would write, "the voice of summer is on the meadow—her breath upon the breeze—when earth is teeming with festivity, when flowers blossom, when birds carol cheerfully, when all is rife with happiness and glee," we drove up to the "Black Dog;" then dinner was served, and after a considerable quantity of wine had been imbibed, songs, sporting and Bacchanalian, having been sung with full chorusses, we again started for London.

Another club, called the Whip Club, in rivalship with the above, met the following July in Park Lane, and proceeded from thence to dine at Harrow-on-the-Hill. There were fifteen barouche landaus, with four horses, Lord Hawke, Mr. Buxton, and the Honourable Lincoln Stanhope being among the leaders. The carriages wore thus described in the fashionable organ of the day:

"The following was the style of the set out:

yellow-bodied carriages, with whip springs and dicky boxes; cattle of a bright bay colour, with silver plate ornaments on the harness, and rosettes to the ears."

Now turn we from 1811 to 1838, when I again found myself on the box of a first-rate "drag" belonging to the kind-hearted president of the Richmond Driving Club, the first meeting of which took place at Chesterfield House early in the Spring. No longer, as in olden time, did the noblemen and gentlemen ape the manners and costumes of stage coachmen. See the noble president, the Earl of Chesterfield, or "Ches," as he was called by his familiar friends, in an easy graceful attitude, with the most perfect command over his team; see too, a nobleman, not a member of the club, but one devoted to every manly sport, enter the yard, the late head of the Somerset family, "ay, every inch a duke," and on the box a first-rate whip; his "shooter" a gallant young Guardsman, a scientific judge of all the minutiæ of coaching.

But I will not "individualize;" where all were excellent it would be invidious to select any.

"In this famed driving club it were endless to trace,
All the notable coachmen the ribbons who grace;

Since Waterford,* Paget,† and Pitt,‡ swell the stream,
And the eye dwells delighted on every team."

The club consisted of the following members:

President, Earl of Chesterfield, blue and red coach, four greys.

Marquis of Waterford, brown and red coach; bay team.

Earl of Waldegrave, blue and red open barouche; bay team.

Earl of Sefton, dark coloured barouche; bay team.

Earl of Rosslyn, dark-coloured coach; bay team.

Count Batthyany, dark blue and white coach; bay team.

Viscount Powerscourt, open barouche; four greys.

Lord Alford, dark brown and red coach; bay team.

Lord Alfred Paget, yellow and blue coach; mixed team.

Lord Macdonald, dark brown and red coach; mixed team.

Honourable Horace Pitt, blue and red coach; mixed team.

* Marquis of Waterford. † Lord Alfred Paget.
‡ Present Earl Rivers.

Sir E. Smythe, Bart., dark green coach; three greys and a piebald.

A. W. Hervey Aston, Esq., dark blue and white coach; two bays and two greys.

T. Bernand, Esq., dark brown coach; bay team.

J. Angerstein, Esq., dark brown coach; bay team.

Colonel Copeland, yellow barouche; four browns.

George Payne, Esq., yellow coach; bay team.

Lewis Ricardo, Esq., dark blue and white coach; bay team.

H. Villebois, Esq,, Jun., yellow coach; four bays.

As nothing in England has the most remote chance of prospering, unless accompanied by a dinner, the club dined at Topham's Hotel, Richmond. During the evening poor Charley Sheridan sang two of his choicest songs, "The Bottle" and "John Collin," the latter to the air of "Sweet Jenny Jones," commencing:

"My name is John Collin, head waiter at Limmer's,
At the corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
Where my chief occupation is filling up brimmers,
To solace young gentlemen laden with care."

The said Limmer's being probably known to

many as a most fashionable military resort. It was here that the officers of the 10th Hussars, commonly called the "Elegant Extracts," congregated, when in 1814 they were transferred to different corps. Their arrival was thus announced in the columns of the fashionable organ of that day, "Prince of Wales' Hotel. Twenty-four officers, late of the 10th Royal Hussars."

In describing the above club, I have referred to a "shooter," and as to the uninitiated the term may be unknown, I must enlighten them by saying that, strictly speaking, a "shooter" means a guard; on an amateur coach, where robberies no longer exist, this important personage is expected to blow the horn or play the key-bugle; to be as quick as lightning at a change of horses; to know how to put a team together, and to handle an awkward nag; to have all his senses on the *qui vive;* to be acquainted with every piece of harness, from crupper to nose-band; to be quick at altering a coupling rein, taking up or letting out a trace or pole-chain; ready to take the shine out of a refractory team; to be off his seat and up again in a second, should his services be required.

Among the carriages that graced Hyde Park at the period I was at Westminster, was the new curricle of Romeo Coates. Its colour was rich maroon, approaching to what is now the royal colour; its form was truly eccentric. The crest was a cock, surmounted with the motto "While I live I'll crow." The amateur of fashion (as he was termed *par excellence*) was but a moderate actor, exciting the risible faculties of his audience, where their sympathies ought to have been moved. The dying scene in Romeo and Juliet was universally encored, amidst the shouts and jeers of the public; and here I cannot refrain from giving a criticism of his performance from the pen of one of the most able writers of the day in which Coates flourished.

"Really folly is a most fatiguing thing, its fantasticalness is so destitute of invention, its oddity is so without humour, its levity is so little instinct with spirit, that the most patient observer, however strong his taste for the ridiculous may be, in a very short time finds his relish dulled, and his laugh relaxed into a yawny simper. It is this that renders a foolish person so legitimate an object of compassion; after a few

absurd exhibitions his power of attraction entirely and rapidly fails; he has no resources to reanimate departed notice; he sinks into himself, becomes a mere blank, and though such a being, from his limited powers, is capable of only a small degree of misery, yet he is such a burden to himself that, if he cannot muster resolution to make his own '*quietus* with a bare bodkin,' he must die of *ennui*, unless his horse will be good-natured enough to fling him and break his neck. These melancholy meditations were suggested by the fresh appearance of Mr. Coates at the Haymarket. This gentleman has for some time contrived to draw on himself the eyes of the town by driving a curricle shaped like a tea-kettle, by his decided and ostentatious attachment to that magnanimous animal the cock, and lastly by thrusting his Quixotic form into the representation of lovers and heroes, he has engaged a considerable portion of the public attention. Yet this attention evidently begins to languish, and on Thursday, though his peculiarities were as prominent and his manner as astounding as ever, in half an hour he seemed to lose his powers of amusing, and the audience

were driven to the necessity of framing bad jokes among themselves to keep alive their merriment. Yet it certainly was a most laughter-moving exhibition, and if, as some people say, the gods really made man to laugh at, they never had a finer opportunity of splitting their sides.

"The play opened, and a tall meagre youth (Altamont) began to whine, whilst a strange accompaniment in the shape of Horatio squeaked in response; then came Sciolto, who, to add a variety to the concert, forgot the dignity of the Roman father, and fairly barked through his part. Next darted on the stage, badly dressed in white satin, an ungainly figure, loose limbed and stooping in the shoulders, its legs thrust out like the Knave of Clubs, and its head shaking like a Mandarin on a chimney slab. In the name of Apollo can this be 'that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,' that 'dear perfidious?' Where is the lady that could fall a victim to such a seducer? Behold her, a thin fantastic figure, who floated about the stage with singular velocity, very different from the line of grace, and whose voice was less substantial than that of a disembodied spirit. The seducer and the seducee

seemed worthy of each other; and the audience, who are always excellent judges of these things, with one voice proclaimed the lady to be Mrs. Coates.

"Meanwhile Altamont, who had been absent some time, contrived in the interval to get a cold, and on his reappearance his whine was exalted to all the dignity of a hoarse croak. Thus the play went on, amidst croaking, squeaking, barking, to say nothing of the indescribable sounds which issued from the amateur, till Lothario died, when a struggle arose between him and the audience, whether they should most applaud, or he most deserve applause. He writhed, they clapped; he stiffened his distorted limbs, they grew enthusiastic; he fell flat and died, 'and unextinguished laughter shook the house.' After the death of the great attraction, nothing could be heard with common attention; Calista stabbed herself, Sciolto bled to death, and Horatio squeaked his dirge over them all in vain. The audience groaned, and the curtain fell.

"In a short time the amateur reappeared in a military jacket and cap, and repeated his

'Hobbies.' The metre of this poem seemed as various as Southey's 'Thalaba,' though not so musical; it was as short, but not so pointed, as an epigram, and concluded with professing the reciter's 'hobby' to be 'doing good.'

"We have no doubt that this gentleman condescends to play the fool for the above laudable purpose; but perhaps he may have heard somewhere that the manner of doing a thing is sometimes as much considered as the thing done; it would be perhaps worth his while to try if he cannot do a little good, without making goodness ridiculous. We are aware that this advice tends to deprive the town of much amusement, but it might have the chance of rendering this good-dispositioned amateur more amusing to himself. We cannot hope, however, that such a person as Mr. Coates will take our advice, but perhaps his new coadjutor, the whining, croaking Altamont and the barking Sciolto may find it worth their attention."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Coates was a lamentable proof of the truth of the saying, "How little we know ourselves!" With an independent fortune, a good education, and the

manners of a gentleman, he might have been a brilliant ornament of society; nay, further, he might have followed his acting mania, and shone as a star in private theatricals, then at an extraordinarily low ebb; but to appear on the public boards was an act of folly that, after the novelty had worn off, became a positive annoyance to the play-going world.

I was introduced to Romeo Coates one night behind the scenes of Covent Garden Theatre, when, for a benefit, he recited "Bucks, have at ye all." On retiring with him to the green-room, I found him gentleman-like and agreeable, though very egotistical, as he would dwell upon his Haymarket performances, urging me strongly to attend the next, which, as usual, was for a charitable purpose. For many years I lost sight of him, and only met him once more within a short period of his death. We happened, by chance, to sit next to one another in the stalls of the Olympic Theatre, and recognising him at once, I introduced myself. We talked of old times, but I carefully avoided any mention of his amateur performances. Some weeks afterwards, I read of his death in the newspapers. In pri-

vate life Mr. Coates was much esteemed, and in latter years made up for the eccentricity of his earlier ones by a life of usefulness and benevolence.

My first visit to a theatre in London was when, as a Westminster boy, I was invited by the Margravine of Anspach to accompany her to Sadler's Wells Theatre, and never shall I forget the delight of my brother Frederick and myself, when the carriage of Her Serene Highness drove up to the door of Mrs. Packharness, irreverently called "Mother Pack," in Great Dean's Yard. The coachman and two Brobdingnag footmen were dressed in scarlet liveries, and the Margravine's arms were emblazoned on the panels of the chariot, and upon the hammercloth. As this took place upon a half-holiday during the Summer, no sooner did the two gorgeous carriages arrive than every window of the boarding-house was filled.

The presiding lady, Mrs. Packharness, was splendidly got up in a new bright green silk dress, tastefully ornamented with red ribbons, rather suggestive of a paroquet, and Jane, the housekeeper, had put on her Sunday attire. Dr.

Dodd, our tutor, had made rather an elaborate toilet, and "Dick," the porter, or, strictly speaking, the man of all work, appeared in a new jacket, a pair of cords, and high-low shoes, shining under the influence of Day and Martin. Every boy, from the under first to the sixth form, was at his respective window. A polite message had been sent to the Margravine, saying that tea had been prepared for her and her party, for the second carriage contained two of my sisters and their young friends; but the invitation was most graciously declined, on the plea that the distance to Sadler's Wells (or "the Wells" as it was more familiarly called) was so great, and the roads so indifferent, that there would not be sufficient time to reach it for the opening, if any delay arose. Mrs. Packharness, however, paid her respects to the Margravine, as did Doctor Dodd.

It may not be out of place here to describe the brilliant costume in which my brother and myself appeared, and which was the fashionable evening dress of youths between eight and eleven years of age. It consisted of what would now be termed a page's jacket, of light

blue cloth, richly ornamented with silver Spanish filligree buttons, trousers to match, a huge white embroidered collar, a light blue tie, white silk stockings and thin shoes, at that period called "pumps," and which led to the oft quoted Joe Miller remark, that "pumps were best for wet weather, as they let the water out." As the carriages were pretty well filled, I volunteered to take a seat by the side of the coachman, which was most graciously acceded to by a very stout, pompous, ruby-faced man, who wore a very curly wig, and a large three-cornered hat. Off we started amidst the envy of the boys at Mother Packs, those of Driffield, and those of "Old Steaks," so the Reverend Dr. Smedley was called, all of whose houses we passed.

The seat I occupied was far from a comfortable one, for the weight of the coachman had so sunk the centre that I was on a sort of inclined plane, and every jerk the carriage made, for part of the road was execrable, I was jolted against the driver. He was, however, very patient under the infliction, and I amused him much by telling him that I had a mania for driving,

and that sooner than not get hold of the ribbons, I was content to mount the box of a hackney-coach, though I often failed from weakness in my whip arm to get into a trot the two animals, that dragged along at a miserable slow pace the lumbering coach. After a drive of nearly four miles we reached the Wells, standing on a grassy mound, not hemmed in as it now is with houses, and the road which led to it being for the last mile bounded by green fields.

As two boxes had been secured in the name of the Margravine of Brandenburg-Anspach and Bayneuth, every attention was paid to us as we approached the theatre; and as we entered the boxes, many eyes were turned upon us. Had we been in Dublin, some wag in the gallery might have had a word or two to say, for the Margravine was gorgeously and rather eccentrically dressed, with a colour that probably some Madame Rachel of that day had furnished. At the time I write of, she must have been past sixty, extremely good-natured, and was devoted to theatricals.

Her theatre at Brandenburg House, which I afterwards attended upon the occasion of

some amateur performance, was an extremely pretty one, and on its boards many of the best unprofessional actors appeared. The Margravine was an Englishwoman by birth, being a daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley. She was first married to William, sixth Baron Craven, and was the mother of the seventh Baron, of Berkeley Craven, so well known in sporting circles, of Keppel Craven, the friend and champion of Queen Caroline.

Few of my readers will remember the great frost of 1814, which commenced on the 29th of December, 1813, accompanied with an unusual fog, which lasted eight days, and on February the 4th, the Thames, from London Bridge to Blackfriars became a thoroughly solid surface of ice. Notices were placed at the ends of all the streets leading to the city side of the river, announcing a safe footway over; and in a short time thousands were attracted to cross and recross it on the ice, and to pay a visit to Frost Fair. An entire street of booths, contiguous to each other, was built, inhabited by bakers, barbers, butchers, cooks, suttlers, &c. This was called Freezeland Street. Swings, book-stalls,

suttling booths, skittle-grounds, toy-shops, and almost every appendage of a fair on land, appeared on the frozen Thames.

There were professors of E.O., rouge et noir, the wheel of fortune, and pricking the garter; pedlars, hawkers of ballads, fruit, oysters, perambulating pie-men; and purveyors of the favourite luxuries, gin, beer, brandy-balls, and gingerbread. There were huge fires for roasting, boiling, frying, preparing food for the hungry, and hot drinks for the thirsty. In short all was eating, drinking, and rejoicing. A dozen printing presses were erected on the Grand Mall, which extended from bridge to bridge, and the frosty typographers issued, as a wit remarked, many an *ice* article. While upon the subject of jokes upon ice, I may record one of Theodore Hook's, who during a severe frost saw the name of Hawes, surgeon, over a door, and instantly said:

"Perpetual freezing, and perpetual thaws,
Though bad for *Hips* are good for *Haws* (Hawes)."

A tremendous fall of snow followed the frost which was general throughout the three kingdoms, and continued without intermission for six weeks.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARMY AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS—THE BLUES—THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES—HER EARLY LIFE—MARRIAGE, AND FUNERAL—PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE COBURG—QUEEN CAROLINE'S RIOTS—A RADICAL EMBEDDED IN MUD—A TIMID MAGISTRATE—ANECDOTE OF ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON—UNPOPULARITY OF GEORGE IV.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the time I was at Westminster I received my commission in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), and shortly afterwards, with a view of being prepared for the army, was sent to a private tutor's in the country. There in 1814 I received a letter from my father's old friend, the late Duke of Wellington, offering to take me with him to Paris, where he had recently been appointed ambassador to the newly restored monarch of France, Louis XVIII. This I accordingly did, and had the good fortune to accompany His Grace to the Congress of Vienna. Upon our return to Brussels in 1815, the Duke told me that, as he was anxious to replace upon his staff those officers who had served with him in the Peninsula, he could no longer retain me.

This sounded like a death-blow to my hopes, but my disappointment was considerably lessened by His Grace adding, "I will appoint you to the first vacancy." Most strictly did he keep his word, for previous to the Allied armies entering Paris after the battle of Waterloo, I, then an extra aide-de-camp to General Maitland afterwards Sir Peregrine, received a few lines from His Grace, saying that owing to the lamented deaths of Colonel Gordon and Colonel Canning, two vacancies had occurred, one of which I was to fill up.

Anecdotes of Wellington are plentiful as blackberries, and many books have been written to record his "saying and doings;" many of them remind me of a remark made by a celebrated critic to a compiler of anecdotes,

"Sir, said he, "your book contains much that is new and much that is true, but unfortunately that which is new is not true, and that which is true is not new."

I could give many instances of anecdotes made for the Duke, but prefer giving one which has never yet, I believe, appeared in print. Although Wellington fully appreciated, and was

always ready to reward heroic deeds, he was ever averse to acts of recklessness, by which the lives of brave men were placed in jeopardy. I remember upon one occasion an enthusiastic guest at his table vividly describing the daring conduct of a young French cavalry officer at Waterloo.

"He was about to charge a body of the Guards," said the narrator, "previous to their taking possession of Hougomont. Before, however, he could carry out the orders he had received, his adversaries had gained their stronghold, and had loop-holed the walls. Disappointed at this unexpected movement, the dashing hussar, sword in hand, galloped forward to within a few feet of the building, challenging the occupants to come forth to single combat. Many a musket was levelled at him; but to the honour of the British soldier, not a trigger was pulled. After many unsuccessful attempts to provoke a trial at arms, the gallant knight retired and joined his regiment, crestfallen at the failure of his enterprise."

"A rash act," said the Duke, "he ought to have been broken for it. Napoleon bitterly re-

proached General Lannes for having uselessly exposed himself and sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men, and his rebuke to Bourrienne when the siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised, 'Wounded or killed, I would not have noticed you in the bulletin, you would have been laughed at, and that justly,' showed how much he disapproved of foolish and useless enterprise."

War is always dreadful, and the effects of it are more poignantly felt when an army has been for some months in a state of quietude preparatory to it. Such was the case during the Belgian campaign of 1815; for months the troops had been in quarters in Brussels, or its neighbourhood, and every sport and amusement had been indulged in, throwing members of the service into almost daily intercourse at one cantonment or another. It was sad to think that many of those who were at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the 15th June, should, in a few hours, be buried, though in a glorious grave. But this subject has been worn threadbare. Two anecdotes, however, connected with the battle of Waterloo have never, I believe, appeared in print.

One was connected with Captain Adair of the Guards, who, just before the advance of that gallant corps, received a mortal wound in his breast. He staggered, and fell. "Forward, Captain Adair," said the commanding officer, thinking he had merely stumbled. Upon which the dying man tore open his coat, showed the blood streaming from the wound, and calmly responded: "How can I go forward!" Poor fellow! he died shortly after. The other happened to Captain Burgess, who was the Brummel of his regiment. He was shot in the leg, and amputation was deemed necessary. While undergoing it (chloroform, which is now on such occasions administered, was not then in prospective existence), he said calmly to the surgeon, "I fear this will cut short my waltzing."

The army is very different now from what it was when, after serving three years on the Duke of Wellington's personal staff, I joined my regiment, the Blues, at Windsor Barracks early in the year 1817. The hour for dinner was half past six, and, except on State occasions, no wine was allowed but hot sherry and fiery port; the dinner was plain, for French cooks at a mess

were unheard of, but men sat over their wine unconscionably late. Often have I, and some youngsters, left the room in time for half-price at the Windsor Theatre, and upon our return have found the revellers still passing the bottle round.

No hot dishes were permitted at breakfast, and the lunch consisted of a few slices of cold meat, or bread and cheese and table beer. Hence the monthly bills were not ruinous, and it will surprise many a subaltern of the present day to be informed that I lived for many years, without getting into debt, upon a hundred pounds a year, in addition to my pay as a lieutenant. Of course, I was compelled to study the most rigid economy, and to deprive myself of many amusements which my brother-officers took part in, such as hunting, boating, and driving up to London; but I found that I never suffered in my comrades' estimation for declining expensive pursuits, and such I believe was, and is, the feeling throughout the British Army, for, although miserly habits were and are abominated, no one ever loses caste for not spending more than he can afford.

In those days, except when indulging in field sports, every officer was expected to appear in uniform, and, when dining out in the neighbourhood, turned out always in what is termed "full fig." During the first Winter, after joining my corps, my troop was ordered to Newbury, and I there found the difference between living at mess and at an hotel; but as we were each granted three month's leave, which I passed with my relatives, I still managed to reverse the line of the song which says:

> "How happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,
> Who spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

The first time I ever witnessed corporal punishment in the army, was in the Spring of 1818, when we again occupied Windsor Barracks, and never shall I forget the horror I experienced when I saw a poor fellow tied up to receive three hundred lashes. In addition to the lash, there was another punishment inflicted in the cavalry, which was called "picketing;" it consisted of making the culprit stand on one foot for an hour, without his boot, on a small peg stuck into the ground; his hands being strapped together, he

was hoisted up to a raft, the whole weight of his body resting on this instrument of torture —a torture unworthy of a civilised Christian country.

When in Parliament, some years afterwards, I strenuously opposed corporal punishment, except in peculiar cases, such as mutiny. We were then told that the discipline of the army could not be carried on without the lash, but, happily, we have lived to see better days, and we have the authority of the "soldier's friend," the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, for asserting that the British Army was never in a higher state of discipline and efficiency than it is at present.

While all must wish that peace on honourable terms may be kept, this nation, however averse to war, cannot dwindle into a third-rate power. While saying this, we hope the blood-stained banner of war will long remain unfurled, for war is a serious infliction on any country. We forbear to catalogue its woes and sufferings which it would be harrowing to peruse. The details are known to most of us; the human hecatombs sacrificed to the ambition of

a ruler; the thousands and hundreds of thousands who melt away before fever, and famine, and pestilence, and the sword; the terrible decimation which the brave soldiers undergo by disease; the appalling and aggravating agonies of the wounded; the lingering tortures of a death on the forsaken battle-field, or in the crowded hospital, sometimes devoid of the appliances of comfort and the consolations of religion—these things we all know, and there is no need to dwell upon them.

Melancholy also is it to contemplate the price paid for war, in the shape of its retarding effect upon social improvement. Amidst the clash of arms, the voice of the philanthropist and the social reformer is drowned; for one of the worst evils of war is that it absorbs the whole attention of mankind. We do not allude to the price we pay for war in money, though it may well appal the man of slender means who finds his taxes greatly increased, but that, morally speaking, is as a feather in the balance compared with the misery it entails on families, high and low, rich and poor. The titled noble, the accomplished gentleman, the

humble labourer, the hard-working mechanic, alike have desolation spread over their hearths.

I pass over the prowess of the Blues at the battle of Waterloo, and shall merely record that the Duke of Wellington was pleased to notice the conduct of Lord Edward Somerset's Brigade in the following terms:—

"The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry; but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities for our cavalry to charge; in one of which Lord Edward Somerset's Brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and First Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves."

Anxious to see my corps, one of my first visits—after the Allied army took possession of Paris, in July, 1815—was to Nanterre, a small village in the vicinity of Paris, where I was most warmly welcomed by my future comrades, and I continued to visit then at Louisanne and Colombes, between the months of July and the following January, entering into all their sports, shooting and drag-hunting. During the

above period the regiment, with the whole of the Allied armies, was reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, between the bridge of Neuilly and the Place de Louis XV. (Paris).

The above magnificent spectacle took place on the 24th July. On the 2nd of September, the Blues, the Household Brigade, the eighth Brigade of Cavalry, and one troop of Horse Artillery, were reviewed by the Emperor of Russia, and, being on Wellington's Staff, I heard the Czar express his admiration of their appearance and movements.

On the 22nd September, the whole of the Allied army was reviewed by the Iron Duke on the plain of St. Denis, and again on the 11th of October, the whole of the British and Hanoverian army, amounting to between fifty and sixty thousand men, were reviewed upon the same ground. Military annals, in a period of peace, are comparatively uninteresting, still I must refer to a few remarkable reviews and occasions upon which I was present.

Having joined my regiment during the Winter of 1816, the first review that I took part in was at Hounslow, when on the 25th of July, 1817, the Household Brigade was reviewed by the Prince Regent. Among other distinguished personages for whom these reviews were got up, were the Duke of York, Dom Miguel Infanta of Portugal, and the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe. The most melancholy military pageant I ever attended, was the funeral of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

It was during the temporary residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales at the Dome House, Bognor, that I first had the honour of being introduced to Her Royal Highness, and nothing could be more delightful than the affability of her manner or the joyousness of her youthful heart at that time, not borne down by care. Fully did she seem to have realized the promise of her childhood, and to have merited the eulogium of Bishop Porteus, written in 1801. "She is a most captivating and engaging child, and considering the high station she may hereafter fill, a most interesting and important one.

She repeated to me several of her hymns with great correctness and propriety, and on being told that when she went to Southend—in Essex —as she afterwards did, for the benefit of sea-bathing, she would then be in my diocese, she fell down on her knees and begged my blessing. I gave it her with all my heart, and with my earnest secret prayers to God that she might adorn her illustrious station with every Christian grace, and that, if ever she became the queen of this truly great and glorious country, she might be the means of diffusing virtue, piety, and happiness through every part of her dominions."

Although this ill-fated daughter of an unhappy marriage was not spared to rule over the destinies of this realm, she lived long enough to endear herself to the hearts of all, and in the person of her illustrious cousin, we have a Sovereign who diffuses that piety, virtue, and happiness which Bishop Porteus prayed might attend "the fair-haired daughter of our isles, the love of millions." At the time I write of, the Princess was possessed of extreme beauty,

a cultivated mind, and, for one of such young years, an energetic spirit.

I remember upon one occasion a man-of-war anchoring off Bognor, and nothing would satisfy Her Royal Highness but paying a visit to it. The captain's gig took the Princess on board, and, as she approached the vessel, a chair was about to be lowered into the boat on which she was to be hoisted on deck. Scorning, however, this mode of transit, she, to the delight of the sailors, though evidently to the surprise of the captain, scrambled up the side-steps with an agility and grace that delighted all. A salute was fired, and instead of stopping up her ears to deaden the noise, or exclaiming that she was awfully frightened, as many a young lady of that and this period would have done, or would do, she stood on the quarter-deck braving the noise "of battle and the breeze," for the wind was blowing very fresh from the west-south-west. I had, in company with my tutor, been taken off in a shore-boat, and, when within hail, the captain asked me to come on board, the good-natured heir to the throne having expressed a wish to that effect.

During the Congress of Vienna, 1815, I, then an *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington, had the good fortune to be presented to the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. A handsomer young man I scarcely ever saw, and never did noble blood and noble birth reveal themselves more clearly than in the distinguished mien and easy bearing of this illustrious scion of the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield. Although Vienna was filled with emperors, kings, princes, generals, and statesmen, no one attracted more attention than Leopold, who had won laurels in a campaign against Napoleon I., and whose breast was decorated with the Military Order of St. George of Russia, the Cross of Maria Theresa of Austria, and the Iron Crown of Prussia. He took part in the diversions of the Court, had his place marked out in the *tableaux vivants* and acting charades, which were then in vogue, and according to a chronicler of that time, Count A. de la Garde, who published a work entitled, "Fêtes and Recollections of the Congress of Vienna," when the characters of Olympus were one day to be distributed, that of Jupiter fell to

the lot of Leopold, whose beauty was remarkable.

In 1815 and 1817, I met Prince Leopold constantly at the Duke of Wellington's, both in Paris and at Cambray, during which time I always found him amiable, unassuming, and most affable. No wonder then, when the marriage of the Prince with the Princess Charlotte of Wales was announced, that I took the deepest interest in an event which promised so much happiness to two of the kindest creatures on earth; and no one drank the health of the bride and bridegroom with greater pleasure than I did on the day of their nuptials, May 2nd, 1816. At that period I was on the Iron Duke's Staff, with the Army of Occupation in France, and did not return to England to join my regiment until some months afterwards.

Upon more than one occasion I had the honour of meeting the happy couple, for theirs was the true "marriage of the soul." Great then was my grief to hear, on the fifth of November, 1817, of the death of this illustrious lady. I was dining at the equerries' table at Windsor Castle on that day, and the conver-

sation had naturally turned upon the approaching birth of an heir to the crown, when a messenger arrived, informing us of the sad and fatal event that had cut off England's hope in her prime. Never before was national and individual sorrow so strikingly or so sincerely expressed, and never was it more deservedly bestowed.

As a matter of course, the party broke up, and every one retired to his home heart-broken at the thought that the young and interesting wife had ceased to live, and that at one blow all the hopes and all the happiness of a fond and devoted husband were annihilated.

Nothing could exceed the sympathy of all classes, and every demonstration was made to console the Prince. The Regent, on his part, granted him the title of royalty, with authority to bear the arms of Great Britain, and conferred upon him the rank of Field-Marshal, as well as the honours of a Privy Councillor. Upon the evening before the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, the duty devolved upon me of forming part of the escort which was

to attend on the removal of the coffin from Cumberland Lodge to Windsor Castle, and a more melancholy public duty I never performed. The sad ceremony took place on a dark, dreary November night, and the orders I received were to ride close by the side of the hearse. Unfortunately my charger, though well broken, had not been accustomed to torchlight, and as a body of the Foot Guards lined the Long Walk, bearing torches, the animal I rode became somewhat restive. Happily, however, after a little capering about, he became tractable, and nothing untoward occurred.

One of the most unpleasant duties that I ever was called upon to undertake, was the command of a troop or squadron of my regiment during the riots which took place in London, from the time Queen Caroline first landed in England, up to the day of her funeral. It constantly happened that we were called out to clear some street in which thousands of mischievous persons had assembled, and although we knew that among the mob were men of desperate characters,

bent upon stabbing or laming the troop horses, cutting our reins, and trampling down any dismounted man, we were also aware that innocent men, women, and children, from idle curiosity, formed part of the throng, all of whom would suffer if an order to fire upon or charge the mob was given.

So hateful were the Military forces, especially the Life Guards, who went by the name of the "Piccadilly Butchers," that pamphlets were printed and circulated, suggesting that iron balls with sharpened spikes should be scattered about the streets so as to maim the horses, and that every man should carry a knife so as to stab, or at all events cut the reins and thus render them unmanageable. To prevent the latter cowardly practice being carried into execution, the officers had a chain rein covered with leather. What rendered the affair worse was the fact that, while the Life Guards were denounced by the mob, pelted, and insulted on every occasion, the Blues were made much of, and attempts were made to get them to fraternize with the lawless rabble. Often did I witness these attempts to win over the men of my

regiment by stealthily offering them money and spirits, but thanks to their discipline the system never flourished.

I remember that on one occasion, when being relieved by the Life Guards at the Horse Guards, a considerable number of the populace shewed their hatred to that body, while they cheered my corps to the skies. For a long time I kept my eyes upon the leader of the mob, who, as we left the Horse Guards and entered the street, was evidently tampering or trying so to do with some of my men, and was offering them small bottles of spirits. Losing not a moment, I trotted up to the miscreant, who patted my horse on its neck, and shouted out "Three cheers for the Blues," and "Long life to you, Captain."

Whether my life was to be prolonged by this effusion I know not, but certainly his ran a great chance of being shortened, for I suddenly wheeled my charger round, and swept him into a bed of slush which the scavengers had deposited close to the pavement, ready for being carted away. When he emerged from the mud, he looked very much like Sir Walter Blunt, in

Henry IV. "new lighted from his horse, stained with the variation of each soil," or being a stout punchy man, he perhaps more nearly resembled the fat and amorous Falstaff, after being conveyed in a buck-basket, full of dirty linen, and thrown into the Thames.

At that period a squadron was always kept in the barracks ready to turn out at a moment's notice, and one day, when at dinner in the Regent's Park, I was ordered at once to proceed to Charlotte Street, Portland Place, to disperse a mob assembled there, who were breaking windows and extinguishing the lamps. A magistrate was in attendance to read the Riot Act, and the affair began to get so serious, stones and brickbats being hurled at my men, that it was found necessary to put a stop to it.

"I shall read the Riot Act," said the timid magistrate, "all I hope is, when you proceed to clear the street, should resistance be made, that you will order your men to fire over the head of the mob, and pray be very careful not to have them trampled upon."

"I hope," I replied, getting rather impatient at the treatment my men were receiving, "that I

shall do my duty in as humane a manner as possible, but if we are to be kept much longer a passive mark for the mob to attack, I can hardly answer for my men keeping their temper."

The Riot Act was read, and again was I appealed to by the really kind-hearted but mistaken magistrate.

"Pray be careful," said he.

"Your duty is over," I replied, amidst a volley of stones, "and mine begins." So, giving the word "Draw swords," I hastily exclaimed, "Spare all men not mischievously engaged, and above all women and children; but cut down anyone attempting to unhorse you, or stab your horse, or caught in the act of throwing a missile."

Following this exhortation by an order to trot, the mob scampered away, and in less time than I can narrate it the street was cleared. "Halt, return swords," was the order, and forming my squadron up in the road, I went about to see if there were any wounded left in the field. Happily, there were none with the exception of a few who had been trod upon by the retreating multitude.

I once had a curious adventure with the great

Robert William Elliston, at that time lessee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. The late George Raymond has referred to it in his Life of Elliston, but he has not given it correctly. Upon the occasion of George the Fourth's state-visit to the above theatre, I commanded the escort, and upon reaching the theatre dismounted, and followed the royal party into the ante-room of the royal box, where many of the suite remained. The rush at the doors of the theatre had been so great, and people were so anxious to have a sight of this monarch, who lived in a state of seclusion, that many paid for the boxes, and scrambled over them into the pit. The result was that the entire house was crammed full, and when the King advanced to the front of the box to make his bow to the audience, so dense was the mass that very uncouth sounds proceeded from those who were being nearly squeezed to death. "Hats off," was the cry, but it was one that was easier to give than to follow out. "Shame, shame!" exclaimed those who had sufficient space to move their arms, and doff their hats, while those that stood covered in the august presence found it difficult

—nay, almost impossible—to obey the mandate.

The King, who was thoroughly aware of his unpopularity with a great mass of the people, imagined that the cries were levelled against him, and seemed dreadfully put out. The perspiration dropped down from his forehead, and he made some remark to his Lord-in-waiting. The Vice-Chamberlain, seeing His Majesty's look of displeasure, immediately turned round to Elliston, and in a somewhat excited state declared that it was a great shame to have allowed more people to enter the theatre than it could conveniently hold. The great lessee, being nettled at the tone in which the reproof was given, made an answer which did not mend the matter, and after a rejoinder from the Vice-Chamberlain, retired with an air of offended dignity.

Shortly afterwards a message was brought to me, requesting my immediate attendance in the manager's room; this summons I obeyed, and upon entering it, I saw that the dramatic monarch was in the greatest state of excitement, and that his courage, instead of oozing out like that of Bob Acres, had waxed hot through the

aid of a few glasses of hot brandy and water. "I have been insulted—grossly insulted," said the player-king, "and I shall expect that satisfaction which one gentleman expects from another, when his honour is attacked."

Of course I did all in my power to appease the anger of the lessee, and so far succeeded that when I left him I fully believed that the storm had blown over.

"Bring some champagne," said Elliston, and in a long speech to those present, for three or four fashionable *coureurs de coulisses* had joined the party, he proposed the health of His Majesty George the Fourth. Of course this was drunk by all, and then toast followed toast, until the great Robert William had followed the example of King Artaxominous, and realized these lines:—

> "Such was the case, the very action such,
> Until at length he got a drop too much."

Being anxious to see that the escort was in readiness, I took leave of the lessee, and mounted my horse. As the King entered the carriage he looked jaded, and evidently antici-

pated a not over-flattering demonstration upon his road home, for I was called up to the window, and told by Lord Graves, who was in waiting, to keep quite close to the side of the carriage upon which His Majesty sat. This I did, and soon found that it was a service of danger.

Just as we got to the top of Southampton Street, where a few idle people had assembled, some groans were heard, and thinking cabbages might be hurled against the carriage, I kept as close to it as possible. In those days there was an iron bar with a small toll-house across the lower part of the street, erected by the Duke of Bedford, who is proprietor of Covent Garden Market, and the posts were so placed that it was impossible to keep one's place between them and the carriage. My only alternative was to trot down the pavement, which I did, thinking every moment my first charger must come down upon his knees. However, he bore me bravely on, and the moment I passed the gates I again took my place, evidently to the delight of the Fourth George, who, upon dismissing the escort, thanked me in person for my attention to orders.

Upon reaching the Horse-Guards, rather tired with my day's work, I at once retired to bed, but in less than half an hour was awoke out of a deep slumber by a loud knocking at my door.

"Come in," I exclaimed.

"Please, my Lord," said the Corporal of the Guard, "there's a gentleman at the gate who says he must see your lordship immediately. I believe he comes from Carlton House, as he said something about His Majesty's servants."

"Show him up at once, I will join him shortly." Huddling on my uniform I entered the room, where, to my great surprise, I saw my friend Elliston, certainly in a state of excitement, if not of inebriation.

"Might I, before I begin upon the subject that has brought me here, ask for a glass of brandy and soda?"

"Certainly," I replied, ringing the bell loudly for the canteen waiter. The beverage was brought, when Elliston began to renew his grievance of the evening, and after a long and pompous speech asked me to convey a hostile message to the Vice-Chamberlain. Knowing

that any argument of mine would fail to convince my belligerent visitor in the state in which he was. I thought of a *ruse* that I hoped would appease him for the moment, believing at the same time that, if I once got rid of him, the morning would bring about cool reflection.

"If the Lord Chamberlain had been present," I said, "you, as lessee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, might have called upon his lordship for an explanation, or even an apology; but as the Vice-Chamberlain only was present, perhaps it would be better for your stage-manager to take up the question, which was levelled against the system of overcrowding the theatre, and not personally against you."

After another glass of brandy and soda, Elliston replied,

"Your Lordship is right. It might be *infra dig.* in my position as lessee, and as one of His Majesty's servants, to make the quarrel a personal one. I shall leave Mr. Russell to espouse the cause of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane."

After a good deal of humouring I succeeded in getting rid of the disturber of my night's rest, and the next day I received a note saying that

the Vice-Chamberlain had written a most handsome letter expressing his regret if, in the performance of a duty, he had been led to utter a word that was painful to Mr. Elliston's feelings. This, of course, satisfied the wounded honour of the great man, who from that moment never ceased to thank me for having carried him through an affair which must, as he said, have "led to bloodshed."

At the Coronation of George IV., the Blues were present, and appeared for the first time in cuirasses. A further alteration in their appointments was the substitution of white for buff belts, which had been worn since the year 1661, when the regiment was first raised.

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL CHARACTER OF THE BLUES—A TRUSTY BATMAN—REVIEW IN HONOUR OF DOM MIGUEL—SANGUINARY CODE—THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS—LORD TOMNODDY—PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTERS—THE FIGHTING LIFE-GUARDSMAN—BYRON'S FISTIC CAREER.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING could exceed the good fellowship that existed between the officers of the Blues; and the non-commissioned officers and men were devoted to them. Among many instances, I can quote one which proved great consideration upon the part of a corporal of my troop, for we had no sergeants, and equal sharpness on the part of my batman, one John Hargreaves. We were at out-quarters at Salt Hill and Slough, my captain and a subaltern at Bothams, I at the Red Lion, Slough. One morning I unexpectedly received a ticket for Almacks, and in those days it required to be on very friendly terms with one of the Lady Patronesses, to obtain that favour. My captain,

albeit an excellent fellow and a good soldier, had a horror of fashionable London parties, and when I applied to him for leave to go to a ball at Almacks, he replied

"I don't know who Mr. Almacks is, but he seems to be giving lots of balls."

Not liking to be refused leave, and finding that there was nothing to be done on the following morning, I made up my mind to ride to London for the ball, knowing that I should not be wanted until stable time next day; and that duty not being imperative, I arranged with the Quarter-master to go round the stables, should I be unavoidably absent. Arriving in London soon after nine o'clock, I dressed and proceeded to Almacks, where I danced until near three o'clock and then I went home to the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, where I was to sleep. Upon entering the hall, I, to my great surprise, found my trusty batman there.

"What has happened ?" I exclaimed.

"Please, my Lord, an after-order came out, and there's a field-day this morning, the troop will parade at half-past eight."

"Really !" I responded, half dead with fatigue.

"Corporal Hatton came to me, my Lord, and said that if your Lordship was dining out, I had better lose no time in informing you of the field-day."

The worthy corporal guessed pretty well that I had gone up to London.

"I rode the brown horse up, my Lord, and have brought your undress uniform with me, it's laid out in your room."

Losing no time, I soon changed my ball dress, a dress which seemed to strike Hargreaves with awe and astonishment, and no wonder, when I say that it consisted of a blue swallow-tail coat, lined with buff, faced with the same coloured silk, black velvet collar, white waistcoat, an elaborately frilled shirt, buff net unmentionables, white silk stockings, and cocked hat. After a somewhat tedious ride, for my hack was jaded, I, half slumbering in the saddle, arrived at Slough, where my valued friend, Quarter-master Troy, a Waterloo hero, was anxiously awaiting my return.

"The Captain, my Lord," said he, "has just heard from head-quarters that Dom Megel," so he pronounced Dom Miguel, brother to

Peter IV. of Portugal, is to inspect the regiment in review order."

To an overfatigued man the encasing oneself in tight leather pantaloons, stiff jack-boots, close-fitting coat, and top-heavy helmet, is no very pleasurable duty; but after accomplishing it and devouring a hasty breakfast, I marched with my detachment to Salt Hill, and from thence to Hounslow Heath. The manœuvres were as follows, and how I went through them I know not, for to use a common though rather vulgar expression "I was done to a tinder."

The regiment of four squadrons formed in line. On the approach of the Dom and military Dons, "Eyes centre," "General salute," "Draw swords." After the salute, Dom Miguel, the Commanding Officer and Staff, went down the line. Then followed the marching past by squadrons, ranks past by sections, cantering past (not galloping as the practice now is) left in front; wheeling into line, sword exercise. Then the following manœuvres. By columns of troops the regiment changes position left back and enters the new position at a central point, advances in double column from

the centre, and on the move forms line to the right. Retires in echelon of squadrons from the left, the squadrons wheel to the left, front, and the line is formed on the fourth squadron. The regiment changes position half right back. The line advances covered by skirmishers, skirmishers called in, and the line attacks to the front. The fourth squadron after the charge pursues, the line retires, throwing its right back, and then the regiment advances in parade order and salutes the Dom. According to custom from time immemorial, the Dom comes forward, says he is most gratified at the appearance of the regiment, and turning to one of the officials from the Horse Guards, trusts that he would make a most favourable report to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, at that period Commander-in-Chief.

After the review was over we returned to our quarters, and happy was I when, doffing my military gear, I threw myself upon my bed and slept till dinner time. In all my experience I never remember to have undergone such fatigue. A squadron drill in the morning at Windsor, a ride to London, four hours dancing at Almacks,

a ride back to Slough, a march to Hounslow, a long field-day, and a march back to Slough. Total number of miles performed on horseback, between 6 P.M., June 11th, and 7 P.M., June 12th, sixty-seven, in addition to an hour and a half squadron drill, and four hours in the field; but youth can accomplish almost anything, and after a few hours' rest I arose fresh as a lark to enjoy one of Botham's best dinners, for we had established an out-quarter mess at his excellent hotel, the Castle, Salt Hill.

Nothing could be more revolting than the sanguinary code which was so long allowed to disgrace our statute book*, and among its injurious results may be mentioned the fact that juries frequently forgot their oath, "to find a true verdict according to the evidence," in fact

* "In the reign of Henry VIII. (thirty-eight years) it is shown that no less a number than 72,000 criminals were executed."—*Stowe.* "In the ten years, between 1820 and 1830, there were executed in England alone 797 criminals. In the three years ending 1820, the executions in England and Wales amounted to 312; in the three years ending 1830 they were reduced to 178; and in the three years ending 1840, they had decreased to 62."—*Parliamentary Returns.* Hanging criminals in chains was abolished by Statute 4, William IV., 1834.

perjured themselves, by reducing the amount sworn to as the value of stolen property, in order to avoid the capital punishment; for it was not until the year 1832 that capital punishment was abolished for larceny to the value of £5, as also for cattle-stealing, horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, coining and forgery, (except of wills and powers of attorney to transfer stock); and to show what the feeling of the House of Commons was, I have only to remind the reader that in 1810 Sir S. Romilly brought in small bills for the Abolition of Capital Punishments.

1st. For stealing to the value of 5*s*. in shops, warehouses, coach-houses, &c.

2nd. For stealing to the value of 40*s*. in a dwelling house.

3rd. For stealing to the value of 40*s*. on navigable rivers.

The first Bill passed the House of Commons, but made no further progress; the second was opposed by the Government, and lost by a majority of two in a thin house; the third Bill was dropped for the session. In the following year Sir S. Romilly again introduced the above Bills, together with a Bill abolishing capital

punishment for stealing from bleaching grounds, and was enabled, in opposition to the Ministry of the day, to carry his four Bills through the House of Commons. The Bills were introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Holland, supported by Lord Lansdowne, and with the exception of the Bill relating to bleaching grounds (which was passed into a law) were strongly opposed by the Lord Chancellor, and by Lords Liverpool and Ellenborough, and were lost upon a division. Lord Ellenborough, on this occasion said,

"These Bills went to alter laws which a century had proved necessary, and which were now to be overturned by speculation and modern philosophy;" and again, "He trusted that laws, which a century had proved to be beneficial, would not be changed for the illusory opinions of speculatists."

The severity of our criminal code was so great that juries were indisposed, as I have already said, to convict in cases where the penalty was incommensurate with the offence, and they preferred to do violence to their consciences by acquitting the guilty rather than be

the abettors of harsh and unjust legislation. This was only one part of the evil consequences of the severity that then existed, for the same feeling which induced jurymen to acquit, indisposed those, against whom crimes had been committed, to prosecute.

The man who had been robbed or injured did no violence to his conscience in witholding the charge, for he was unfettered by the juryman's oath; and through this, many a malefactor escaped. It was argued, by those who were opposed to all changes in the system of criminal legislation, that the terror the severity created would be calculated to deter others from crime; but it produced the very contrary effect. Elizabeth Fry, one of the greatest philanthropists the age produced, gave the following testimony, when examined before the Committee on the Police of the Metropolis in 1818:—

"I visited Newgate two days after the execution of Elizabeth Fricker, and instead of finding, as I expected, the whole of the criminals awfully affected by what had passed, I found a spirit of pity and lamentation over the sufferer, with such an impression that the punishment exceeded

the crime, that it excited a feeling of great displeasure, and even bitterness, not only towards our laws, but to those who put them into execution; and so far from softening the heart, or leading it from evil, it appeared to harden them, and make them endeavour to justify their own criminal conduct, as well as that of those who suffered, and even to fortify themselves through unbelief of the truths of religion, or to justify themselves and those who suffered, by feeling that they were not what they considered justly done by."

The following statistics will show the numbers that were sentenced to death, many for some comparatively petty offence, committed possibly through distress. In the year 1813, 713 were sentenced to death, and 120 were executed, 25 alone for murder. In 1819-21, 3,684 were sentenced to death, 329 executed, out of which 47 were guilty of murder. Happily a great change has taken place in our criminal code, and that blot upon our civilization, that reproach which cried day and night against our Christianity, has been removed. Perhaps one of the most important movements in the right

direction has been the abolition of public executions, a remnant of a custom calculated to debase the mind of the lower orders, and to increase a love of horrors among a few of the higher classes.

Most readers will remember the poem of "Lord Tomnoddy" going to witness an execution at Newgate, from the window of the "Magpie and Stump," which forms one of the most amusing of Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," a work of world-wide reputation. We are told how his lordship, being in search of a new excitement, calls upon his Lilliputian groom to assist him, in the following lines,

"Tiger, Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"

The answer is ready, for Tim, after several groomy evolutions, replies,

"Please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

Off the noble lord drives in his cabriolet, seeks some congenial spirits, secures a room, and orders supper at the not very aristocratic public-house above named. Here an orgie most

humorously described takes place, and Lord Tomnoddy having drunk his toddy.

> " Just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
> The whole of the party are fast asleep."

The above description is most whimsical, and the satire upon the degrading taste of such amateurs of capital punishment, is justly severe; but the heart of the poet is touched, and in a fervid apostrophe Barham turns from the loathsome scene to give, in language equally beautiful and pathetic, the following vivid picture :—

" Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks, with roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks,
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such scene of misery!
Should gild with rays so light and free,
That dismal dark frowning gallows-tree,
And, hark!—a sound comes, big with fate,
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!
List to that low funereal bell;
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!

And see! from forth that opening door,
They come—He steps that threshold o'er,
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
God! tis a fearsome sight to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky;
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and fear,
The path of the spirit's unknown career—
Those pinioned arms—those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again—*not even in prayer!*
That heaving chest! Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen, the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe, is known but to One!
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! ah me!
A deed to shudder at—not to see."

To return to the sanguinary code, I could record instances which the abolitionists of capital punishment would probably take advantage of; though it would not be with that view that I should show how often innocent persons have been falsely accused and executed.

At this period pugilistic encounters were very much in vogue, and men of fashion patronized the ring, and by their presence encouraged one of the most degrading of modern amusements. Although the authorities were not so much upon

the alert as they afterwards were to stop a fight, it occasionally happened that some respectable land-proprietor, or some straight-laced clergyman, gave information of an impending encounter, and the country police, rather in the Dogberry line, took measures to prevent it. To remedy this, John Jackson, Byron's "corporal pastor" gave (as it was termed) "the office" to the leading amateurs, who were seldom balked in their fancy.

Although I was never a patron of the ring, I was occasionally led into joining a party, more for the pleasure of the drive to the field of action than to witness the edifying sight of two men knocking one another about till they could no longer stand, stimulants being given to them, when half dead, to prevent their seconds crying out, "Hold enough!" Great respect was always shown to the "upper ten," even by the roughs that attended Moulsey Hurst, Maidenhead Thicket, Hurley Bottom, and other places devoted to these fistic exhibitions, and the front rows, like the present reserved seats at concerts, were always kept for the swells.

During a long period when "milling" was

the fashion, I was present only at three fights, two of them butcherly affairs, the other a scientific one. The amateurs of the prize-ring quoted ancient authorities, and it is true that amongst the general games celebrated in honour of Patroclus, in Homer's Iliad, not only is boxing mentioned, but the "stand-up" fight of Ulysses, King of Ithaca and Dulichium, the "pet" of the Greeks, forms one of the most graphic incidents related in the Odyssey. Indeed the reputed son of Laertes seems to have been well calculated for this formidable diversion, and, from his strength, courage, and powers of endurance, would have proved no contemptible opponent for any of the pugilistic champions from the days of Melesigenes, the Pierce Egan of that day, down to those of the fistic reporter of "Bell's Life." The "big beggar-boy," as he might have been aptly termed, was a noble and generous antagonist, who fought for honour rather than for revenge or lucre, for we are told, when confident of victory, and on the point of knocking his opponent out of time, he

"Check'd half his might, yet, rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd—the crashing jaw-bone broke;"

an instance of magnanimity that has been seldom recorded in the annals of the ring. Amycus, too, a monarch who reigned over the Bebryces, a nation extremely expert in the battle of the cestus, and who challenged all strangers, found an awkward customer in one of the Spartan brothers, "Pollux del Giove," who realized the lines of Pulci in the Morgante Maggiore:—

"Vedendosi venuto il porco adosso,
Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone,
Per modo che gl' infranse insino a l'osso,
E morto allato a quell' altro lo pone."

Which Byron thus translates:—

"Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head,
As floor'd him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other."

It is not my intention to enter into any detail of the "mills" of other days, when the members of the Greek and Roman Prize Ring were not content with Nature's simple weapon, "the bunch of fives," but had recourse to a most formidable weapon, a boxing-glove of several thicknesses

of raw hides strongly fastened together, to which gauntlet might be ascribed the familiar school term of a good *hide*-ing. Plautus wrote "Onerandus est pugnis probe," which has thus been translated, "my fists must lay a good load on him," and in our days many arguments have been advanced in favour of the art of self-defence. Among those which merit attention, are the remarks made by that highly respected loyal authority the late Lord Chief-Justice Best, afterwards Baron Wynford, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Wiltshire.

"The practice of boxing," said the learned Judge, "has often been a subject of discussion in this country. I must say that it seems to me a practice that may very advantageously be encouraged to a limited extent. It is in some sort a law of peace, for it discourages the use of unfair means of attack; it prevents malicious retaliation; it only enables men to employ the full advantages they may naturally possess, and in the use of which they are restrained by the point of honour; and while it encourages a proper English spirit, it prevents courage from degenerating into brutality, and secures men from

the treachery and malignity of those whom they may have offended."

Our great novelists and poets have not thought it beneath their notice to allude to fistic encounters. In "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," Walter Scott thus refers to a celebrated boxer who was known in sporting circles as "Heavy and Handy," the fighting Life-Guardsman.

"Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fights that had ever been, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Among these should not be forgotten, Shaw, a corporal of the Life-Guards, well known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman. He is supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol shot."

Anacreon Moore has immortalized the "Fancy," in his lines on Shaw :—

"Oh! shade of the cheesemonger, you, who, alas!
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
Oh, that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
When kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes."

This reminds me of an incident which oc-

curred at the mess of the 1st Life-Guards many years ago, when an incautious visitor, *Bacchi plenus*, referred to the *sobriquet* that gallant corps bore.

"What do you mean by cheesemongers?" asked an infuriated Irish cornet, bent on parading the libeller next morning.

"Cheesemongers," replied the other with great quickness, "so called after their mity (mighty) deeds."

Bad as was the pun, it restored good-humour, and saved the necessity of giving the order, so prevalent in those days, "of coffee and pistols at half-past five in the morning."

Byron, who in early days excelled in swimming, fencing, boating, pistol-shooting, and sparring, thus records his prowess at school:—

"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven, and that was to H——; and the rascal did not win it but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding house where we boxed,—I had not even a second. I never forgave him, and I should be sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan,

Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Jocelyn,—but we were always friendly afterwards."

In 1813, the author of "Childe Harold," then about to publish the "Bride of Abydos," writes as follows :—

"Jackson has been here; the boxing world much as usual; but the club increases. I shall dine at Cribb's to-morrow. I like energy—even animal energy of all kinds, and I have need of both mental and corporeal."

The dinner is thus described :—

"Twelve, mezza notte. Just returned from dinner, with Jackson (the Emperor of Pugilism), and another of the select, at Cribb's, the Champion. I drank more than I like, and have brought away some three bottles of very fair claret, for I have no headache. We had Tom up after dinner;—very facetious, though somewhat prolix. He don't like his situation—wants to fight again. Pray Pollux (or Castor, if he was the *miller*) he may! Tom has been a sailor, a coalheaver, and some other genteel profession, before he took to the cestus. Tom has been in action at sea, and is now only three-and-thirty—a great man! Conversations well—bating some

sad omissions and misapplications of the aspirate. Tom is an old friend of mine; I have seen some of his best battles in my nonage. He is now a publican, and, I fear, a sinner."

In a note to the lines from "Hints to Horace,"

> "And men, unpractised in exchanging knocks
> Must go to Jackson ere they dare to box,"

the noble poet's biographer, Moore, adds the following remark :—

"Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an early period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, *respected* professor of the art, for whom throughout life he continued to entertain a sincere regard. In the 11th Canto of 'Don Juan,' he calls him his old friend, and corporeal pastor and master, winding up the compliment by saying, 'who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good-humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.'"

In "The Curse of Minerva," Byron again refers to the Ring :—

"Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles',
That art and nature may compare their styles:
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone-shop '* there."

In reference to Byron's prowess, as a pugilist at Harrow, Moore adds this note:—

"Mr. Disraeli, in his ingenious work, 'On the Literary Character,' has given it as his opinion that a disinclination to athletic sports and exercises will be, in general, found among the peculiarities which mark a youth of genius. In support of this notion, he quotes Beattie, who thus describes his ideal minstrel:—

"'Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped.'"

His highest authority, however, is Milton, who says of himself:—

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing."

Such general rules, however, are as little ap-

* Poor Cribb was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House; he asked if it was not "a stone-shop?" He was right, it *is* a shop.

plicable to the dispositions of men of genius as to their powers. If, in the instances which Mr. Disraeli adduces, an indisposition to bodily exertion was manifested, as many others may be cited in which the directly opposite propensity was remarkable. In war, the most turbulent of exercises, Æschylus, Dante, Camoens, and a long list of other poets, distinguished themselves; and though it may be granted that Horace was a bad rider, and Virgil no tennis-player, yet, on the other hand, Dante was, we know, a falconer as well as a swordsman; Tasso expert both as a swordsman and dancer; Alfieri a great rider; Klopstock a skater; Cowper famous in his youth at cricket and football; and Lord Byron pre-eminent in all sorts of exercises.

In early life, George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a staunch patron of the ring; and upon the occasion of his Coronation the *prestige* of fighting men revived, and eighteen of the most distinguished pugilists of the day, under the command of Mr. Jackson, were engaged to guard the external avenues leading to Westminster Hall, and check all unwelcome or designing intruders. The conduct of these men

was so excellent that they each received a letter of thanks from the Lord Great Chamberlain.

This guard of honour, which included among its number Richmond the black, were dressed in the costume of pages, and certainly, for size, symmetry, and strength could not be equalled, and both on the day of the august ceremony, and the subsequent one, when the Hall was thrown open to the public, nothing could exceed the good-humour and forbearance that characterized their proceedings. I have now quoted all that can be fairly advanced in favour of that science described by the poet.

" Ingenuas pugni didicissi fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Which has thus been translated :—

" The faithful study of the fistic art,
From mawkish softness guards a Briton's heart."

But I own, myself, that I cannot see the fun of two men entering the ring for the express purpose of pommeling one another, breaking ribs, damaging noses, knocking out teeth, and

cracking jaws. The taste, like that of eating lava, caviare, or olives, must evidently be an acquired one. It is true that the graphic pen of the prize-fight reporter gives such a figurative description of the proceedings that half the horror is disguised. We read of "claret" being tapped, of "caputs or knowledge-boxes" being damaged, of the "smeller" being injured, of the "corpus" being hurt, of getting a head in "chancery," of coming to the "scratch," of "bird's eye fogles" nailed to the rails, of "ogles" being "queered," of "optics" being extinguished, of the "frontispiece" or "dial-plate" being disfigured, of the "conk" being enlarged, of "ivories" being extracted without mechanical aid, of the "mug" being defaced. We are told in poetical language:—

"Time was, when John Bull little difference spied,
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beefsteak, the sweeter for beating."

And we read of heroes with the euphonious-sounding titles of the Wychwood Forester, the Enthusiastic Pot-boy, the Jolly Trump, the

Chelsea Snob, the Mite, Tiny the Flatcatcher, and the Slasher. To be serious, although I feel that England will rue the day when the fist gives way to the stiletto, and much as everyone must wish to preserve that indomitable courage which has characterised our countrymen from the earliest days of our history, I never was prepared to admit that prize-fights were essentially necessary to keep up that spirit. To settle a quarrel in the true British style is far different from training men to enter the ring for lucre, and I am firmly convinced that the unconquerable prowess of our soldiers and sailors would have been as conspicuous on the boundless ocean, in the burning gorges of the Indian passes, in the pine-forests and on the vast lakes of North America, amid the Pyrenean mountains, in the citron groves and vine-clad hills of Portugal and Spain, in the picturesque valleys of France, in the waving corn-fields of Belgium, in the pestilential clime of China, on the rugged steppes of the Crimea, had no man ever entered the prize-ring from the days of Figg and Broughton down to those of Sayers and Heenan.

CHAPTER V

DUELLING—SANGUINARY DUEL BETWEEN MESSRS. MUNR
GREEN—TRAVELLING AS IT WAS—AS IT IS—A STAGE-
DINNER—STRANGE PASSENGERS—JOURNEY OF THE P
OF DENMARK IN 1703—STATE OF THE ROADS.—A JO
FROM GOODWOOD TO LONDON—JOURNEY DESCRIBED B
BRUGH—ANECDOTE OF THE ROAD—OXONIANS FAIRLY
IN.

CHAPTER V.

THE present generation has many advantages over the preceding one, and among them may be mentioned the repeal of that code of honour, duelling. Although no advocate for this species of refined murder, there can be no doubt that such an appeal to arms produced a most salutary effect upon society, and in some cases gave a check to crime, but it was the abuse, and not the use, that brought it into disrepute. Among the evils of duelling, the greatest was that an innocent, unassuming man might be dragged into a quarrel which led to a meeting, "twelve yards on the daisies," the following morning.

In a crowd, the accidental shoving against a Sir Lucius O'Trigger would often lead to angry

words or blows; the quarrel of two dogs, as in the fatal case of Macnamara and Montgomery, in which the latter was killed, might also end in the duello; at a ball, the treading on a lady's dress, or inadvertently pressing against her, might cause an exchange of cards; a supposed slight, a few unguarded words over the wine, a political argument, a disputed bet, were quite sufficient reasons for demanding satisfaction, and so strict was the code that none could refuse a challenge.

In the army, under such a circumstance, an officer would be tried by court-martial, or be compelled to leave his regiment, albeit an order existed against duelling. In private life, a challenged man who did not respond to the call would be shunned by society. At the period I refer to, the United Kingdom swarmed with professed duellists, men who could hit the ace of clubs at five-and-twenty paces, and who gloried in having been the heroes in many affairs of honour; nay more, in the Emerald Isle, especially, pistol-barrels were notched, so as to show how many unerring shots had been fired from them.

One of the most sanguinary duels that took place in England (for I believe in the United States such meetings as the following are not uncommon) occurred on the 17th of October, 1783, when Messrs. Munro and Green met to decide some bitter quarrel. The distance at which the combatants were placed was six yards, and at the third shot Green was wounded. His adversary's second then asked if he was satisfied, to which he replied:

"Not without an apology from Mr. Munro."

Munro replied, "Not now."

"Then," contined the wounded man, "one of us must fall."

They then fired two pistols more each; in the last shot, a ball entered Munro's knee, and Green received a bullet in the groin, which proved fatal. The seconds who stood by to witness this murderous affair ought to have been tried for their lives, as they would be in our day, with very little chance of escaping the last penalty of the law, although it is said it requires a great deal of interest to get hanged at the present time.

In our day many people are very apt to

complain if a train is ten minutes after its time, and like the "Widows of Ashur" are "loud in their wail." Had they lived in my early days, they would really then have had much to complain of. I refer to those who travelled by the mail or stage-coach. First, it was necessary to secure a place some days before the day of your departure, and half fare had to be paid down, which was forfeited in case of non-appearance; then, if the weather was cold, raw, or wet, the outside was not a very desirable position, with the rain pouring down your neck from the umbrella of some neighbour.

The dinner, though generally very good, was rather a scrambling affair, for much time was consumed in uncasing oneself from the heavy lumbering driving-coat, and recasing oneself. The inside passengers were oftentimes much worse off, for the vehicles, especially the royal mails, were so small that the occupiers appeared trussed like fowls. It was not very pleasant to make one of four, the other three consisting of a stout farmer, rude both in health and manners, a

fat nurse with a squalling child, and an elderly invalid who insisted upon having both windows up.

Early in the present century I have made one of six in a coach between Chichester and London, when, in addition to the above-named party, there might be seen a painted old Jezabel, redolent of Macassar oil and pachouli, a fledgling dandy strong of musk, a bloated publican on the verge of *delirium tremens*, who, as the old song says,

"Kept his spirits up by pouring spirits down,"

a snuffy old maid, whose nasal organ was supplied with so much Lundy Foot that it set her companions sneezing immoderately. The inside passengers, too, were to be fed, and a strong odour of cheese, apples, oranges, cakes, "poloyne" sausages, brandy, rum, gin, and beer prevailed everywhere.

Many hours were wasted in travelling, and the expense attending it was great. The day coaches usually started at six o'clock in the morning, sometimes earlier, for one of our satirical poets tells us:—

"The coachman, so impatient of delay,
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay,
Four dismal hours ere the break of day."

A journey of a hundred miles would occupy about ten hours, the flying coaches doing the distance in less time; and although on a fine Summer's day the drive might be pleasant, it was execrable in bad weather. Posting, to those who could afford to have a good light travelling chariot with four horses, was very agreeable; but the expense was enormous, for a long journey entailed beds at an hotel, and an ordinary one involved a dinner. I have before me an old posting book, and an extract from it may not be uninteresting.

London to Holyhead, two hundred and sixty-four miles.

	£	s.	d.
Charge for four Horses . .	38	11	4
Ditto Post-Boys . .	9	6	10
Ditto Gates . . .	5	9	1
Ditto Ostlers . . .	1	2	6
	54	9	9

Expenses on road, four nights, beds, dinners, and

breakfasts for two persons and one maid, £5 8*s*.

Steamboat, Holyhead to Kingstown.

	£	*s*.	*d*.
Three Passages	3	3	0
Carriage	2	2	0
Shipping	0	10	6
Lunch	0	7	6
Steward	0	10	0
Cabin	0	5	0
Sailors	0	5	0
Steamboat	7	3	0

Total journey, expenses and passage £67 0*s*. 6*d*. Now, two first class tickets and one second by rail to Holyhead; three best cabin fares, and refreshments amount to about £9, a sum under the price paid to post-boys in bygone days.

Ten miles an hour, including stoppages, was about the average posting pace; and the charge for a pair of horses, postboy, ostler, and turnpikes, amounted to about two shillings a mile. Hence a journey of a hundred miles would cost ten pounds; with four horses, twenty; in addition to the tax, purchase, wear and tear of a travelling carriage, for to make a journey in a rattling post-

chaise, a sort of dice-box on wheels was a most miserable affair. With regard to expenses on the road, good as the accommodation was at many posting-houses, and delightful as was the sensation of driving up to the door of some rural inn, whose porch was covered with the sweet-scented jessamine, the fragrant honeysuckle, the odorous rose, the traveller had to pay for his luxuries. I will suppose that he stopped for dinner, which, if left to the landlord, usually consisted of eels dressed in a variety of ways, pike or other fresh-water fish, roast fowl, lamb or mutton cutlets, bread, cheese, and celery, for which a charge of six or seven shillings per head was made.

If the meal took place after dark, there was an additional item of two shillings or half-a-crown for wax-lights. Then there was a bottle of fiery sherry from the wood, six shillings, or a bottle of fine military port (as a most potent composition was called), seven shillings; to the above must be added the waiter's fee of about a shilling a head. Sleeping on the road was equally expensive, as it involved tea or supper, chambermaid, waiter, and "boots." Breakfast, with ham and

eggs, three shillings; tea, with a few slices of thin bread and butter, two shillings, and a bottle of soda and brandy eighteen-pence.

There is a cause for grumbling in our day, namely, the hasty meals that the railway traveller is compelled to put up with, and there can be no doubt that in many instances the grievance is a just one. It too often happens that, in consequence of a train being behind its time, the ten or twenty minutes is considerably decreased, and as the hungry victim is scalding his throat with hot soup, devouring an indigestible Melton pork-pie, or enjoying a somewhat stale bun, the bell for departure is heard; but bad as that is, the hurried stage-coach dinner of bygone times was infinitely worse. Let me attempt to describe it.

About two o'clock you drove up to some inn, where a bustling waiter informed the passengers that half-an-hour was allowed for dinner; but by the time you had descended from the outside, and uncased yourself of your great-coat, some three or four minutes had passed away. Upon entering the room, a huge sirloin of beef, or a boiled leg of mutton, with scalding greens, and potatoes hot outside and hard within, greeted you. As a

matter of course the ladies were to be helped first, and so more time fled away, before a plate of raw beef, or underdone mutton, with caper sauce, the butter of which reminded one of bill-sticker's paste, was placed before you.

Then began the demands for a glass of porter, a pint of ale, a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which of course took the waiter out of the room. In the midst of the feast, the guard or coachman, sometimes both, would make their appearance, to inform the ladies and gentlemen that they went no further, and begged to be remembered; an announcement which was followed by the process of paying them, and the reappearance of the waiter; and long before you had finished your meal, it was intimated to you that the coach was about to start. Then came the reckoning, "Dinner half-a-crown," "Beer sixpence," "Please to remember the waiter," followed by sundry exclamations, "Where's my hat," "That's my coat," "Bring me change for half-a-crown" (a trifle of course was not forthcoming,) "You forgot my order, look sharp, a glass of hot gin and water." At this moment the landlord would be heard exclaiming, "This way, ladies and

gentlemen," when showing the passengers of the up-coach, the "Regulator," just arrived, into the room about to be vacated by those of the "Herald," down-coach. How the second arrivals fared will be easily surmised, for they had to dine off the joints heated up.

In rainy weather, the thoroughly wet-through great-coats, cloaks, and hats produced a damp feeling throughout the small, ill-ventilated room, which, with the smell of the dinner, created a most villainous compound of odours, not by any means agreeable to the olfactory sense. A snack at a way-side inn upon home-made bread, a good cheese, and a glass of ale was a different affair, and a traveller might enjoy that to his heart's content, but the dinners, with few exceptions, were execrable.

Another annoyance in stage or mail-coach travelling, was being awoke out of a sound slumber by the coachman or guard begging to be remembered. Of course the demand to show your ticket in a railway carriage is not very agreeable when dozing or sleeping, but then it is the work of a minute, whereas the paying the

coachman and guard required calculation as to the distance performed, and entailed the drawing of one's purse-strings.

And here I may remark that the stage-coaches were not always occupied by bipeds, as will be seen by the following statement, which I found in an old Scotch newspaper, and by which it appears that early in the present century it frequently happened that all the places from Edinburgh to Glasgow, outside and in, were occupied by early lambs going to the Glasgow markets. At that time inside seats were sixteen and outside ten shillings, from which may be calculated the price of a pound of lamb so conveyed. So great was the demand for places that the seats had to be secured, and the money paid, eight or ten days before the coach started from Glasgow to London.

Macaulay in his "History of England" gives a graphic description of the state of the roads in by-gone days, and Pepys tells us of his accidents by road and flood. I will therefore content myself by saying that, upon referring to the pages of Clarendon, I find that in 1642 the Lord-Keeper Littleton "sending his horses

out of town (London), put himself into his coach very early the next morning; and as soon as they were out of the town, he and the Sergeant (Lee), and one groom, took their horses and made so great a journey that day, (it being about the beginning of June) that before the end of the third day he kissed the King's hand at York."

Another work records that in December, 1703, Charles III, King of Spain, slept at Portsmouth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and George, Prince of Denmark, went to meet him, by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the Prince's attendants, he states: "We set out at six in the morning by torchlight to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going; but our coach, which was the leading one, and His Highness's body-

coach, would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently pushed it, or supported it, with their shoulders from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the Duke's house, the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six horses' time to conquer them; and, indeed, we had never done it if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were able to trace out the way for him."

Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says:

"I saw him (the Prince) no more till I found him at supper at Windsor, for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning), and broke our coach. My Lord Delaware had the same fate, and so had several others."

Although the roads in my days were not as bad as they were during the preceding century, it occasionally happened that one found the coach imbedded in a quagmire, or "oneself

jolted to a jelly," as Mrs. Hardcastle calls it, caused by large ruts and heaps of stones hastily put down to fill up gaps; and I recollect well my first visit from Goodwood to London, a distance of sixty miles, in the family coach, which, owing to the state of the roads, occupied more than sixteen hours, and during which we were compelled to borrow two farm-horses to drag the lumbering vehicle over five miles of stones and slough. I never think of this journey without being reminded of the one described by Vanbrugh, and as it is probably unknown to many of my readers, I will transfer it to these pages.

The scene takes place at Uncle Richard's house in London, previous to the arrival of his nephew, Sir Francis Headpiece, a country gentleman and parliament man, who was strongly addicted to malt-liquor and field-sports. Although only about forty-two years of age, it appears that Sir Francis had drunk two-and-thirty tuns of ale, and in the pursuit of the chase had broken his right arm, his left leg, and both his collar-bones.

Uncle Richard had just read his wiseacre

nephew's letter, when James, the footman, enters hastily,

"Sir, sir!" he exclaims. "They are all a-coming. Here's John Moody arrived already; he's stumping about the streets in his dirty boots, and asking every man he meets if they can tell where he may have a good lodging for a parliament man, till he can hire such a house as becomes him. He tells them his lady and all the family are coming too; and that they are so nobly attended they care not a fig for anybody. Sir, they have added two cart-horses to the four old bays, because my Lady will have it said she came to town in her coach and six, and, ha! ha! heavy George, the ploughman, rides postilion."

"Very well, James," responds his master, "The journey begins as it should do. Dost know whether they bring all the children with them?"

"Only Squire Humphrey and Miss Betty, Sir, the other six are put to board at half-a-crown a week a head, with Joan Grouse, at Smokedung-hill Farm."

"Dost know when they'll be here?"

John says, "Sir, they'd have been here last night, but that the old wheezy wheel horse tired, and the two fore-wheels came crash down in Waggonrut Lane, Sir—they were cruelly loaden, as I understand; my lady herself, he says, laid on four mail trunks, besides the great deal box, which fat Tom and the monkey sat upon behind."

"So."

"Then, within the coach there was Sir Francis, my Lady, and the great fat lap-dog, Squire Humphrey, Miss Betty, my Lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Dolly the cook; but she was so ill with sitting backward that they mounted her into the coach-box."

"Very well."

"Then, Sir, for fear of a famine before they should get to a baiting-place, there was such baskets of plum-cake, Dutch gingerbread, Cheshire cakes, Naples biscuits, macaroons, neats' tongues, and cold boiled beef; and in case of sickness, such bottles of usquebaugh, black cherry-brandy, cinnamon water, sack, tent, and strong beer, as made the old coach crack again."

"Well said."

"And for defence of this good cheer, and my Lady's little pearl necklace, there was the family basket-hilt sword, the great Turkish scimitar, the old blunderbuss, a good bag of bullets, and a great horn of gunpowder."

"Admirable!"

"Then for band-boxes, they were so bepiled up to Sir Francis's nose that he could only peep out of a chance hole with one eye, as if he were viewing the country through a perspective glass."

Let me now turn to an adventure of some young Oxonians, which was recounted to me by John Adams, familiarly known as Jack Adams, who for many years drove the Windsor coach, and was wont to "teach the young idea" of Eton "how to drive." Term was over, the "Defiance" coach was full of under-graduates returning to their respective colleges, the day was cold, wet, and miserable, when the well-appointed "drag" drove up to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadily.

"Have you room for one inside to Oxford?" asked as pretty a girl as you would wish to see on a Summer's day.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one.

"Quite lovely," said another.

"Perfect," lisped a third.

"Quite full, Miss," replied the coachman, "inside and out."

"Surely you could make room for one," persevered the fair applicant.

"Quite impossible Miss, without the gentlemen's consent."

"Lots of room," cried the insides. "We are not very large, we can manage to take one more."

"If the young gentlemen consent," said the driver, who was one of the best-tempered fellows on earth, and as honest as Aristides, "I have no objection."

"We agree," said the inside quartet.

"All right," responded the driver. The fare was paid, and the guard proceeded to open the door, and let down the steps.

"Now, Miss, if you please, we are behind our time."

"Come along, grandfather," cried the damsel, addressing a most respectable-looking, portly, elderly gentleman, "the money is paid, get in,

and be sure you thank the young gentlemen," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and with a wicked smile assisting her respected grandfather into the coach.

"Here's some mistake, you'll squeeze us to death," cried the astonished party.

"Sorry to incommode you, gentlemen," replied the intruder, "Fanny, dear, give me my umbrella and carpet-bag." The articles dripping with wet were handed in. "I hope you won't object to have both windows up," continued the new arrival, "I'm sadly troubled with a cough."

At this moment "All right," "Sit fast," was heard, and away rattled the "Defiance," at its best pace, drowning the voices of the astonished Oxonians.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY—THISTLEWOOD IN NEWGATE—LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE AND THE TURNPIKE-MAN—A DINNER AT THE GARRICK — WILLIAM JERDAN — THE DEAD DOG—AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in the year 1820, an event occurred which caused a considerable sensation in London, namely the Cato Street Conspiracy. To me it had an additional interest, as one of my most intimate friends, Captain, afterwards Lord Frederick FitzClarence, then a subaltern in the Coldstream Guards, bore a prominent part in the capture of the traitors.

I had first seen Frederick FitzClarence at Bushy, afterwards at Cambray during the occupation of the Allied Army in France, and, at the time of the above attempt to murder the King's Ministers, I lived almost entirely in his society. We had parted soon after breakfast on the morning of the 23rd of February, and

Gazette," and he obtained it in the following manner.

One evening at the Garrick Club, Jerdan, with whom I had been on terms of intimacy for many years, invited me to join a dinner that he was about to give to a friend, under whose tuition his son had been. At first I refused, being anxious to attend Albert Smith's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, but, as he pressed me strongly, I agreed to make a third in a snug corner in the visitor's room. Before we sat down to dinner, it was quite clear to me, from remarks that were dropped, that Jerdan wished to give a favourable impression of the Club to his guest, and to make him enjoy the evening. Hamlet, the steward, had received instructions to order the best of dinners, and to place the best of wines upon the table, and anxious to assist my friend, no sooner was the cloth removed than I began to rattle away, and tell all the stories that were uppermost in my mind. Among them was the one above related. No sooner had I finished it than off started Jerdan out of the room, and remained away for some minutes. Upon his return

he encouraged me to tell another, which I did, and at its conclusion the worthy editor left the room; this occurred three times; but it did not make any impression on my mind, knowing as I did that Jerdan was always up to his head and ears (as the phrase goes) in business.

A few weeks after this dinner, I happened to call one morning upon Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, who asked me if I had seen a new book written by Jerdan. I replied that I had not.

"Strange," said he; "it contains three anecdotes about me, a little embroidered perhaps, but true in spirit."

"You don't mean the Cape story, the dog overboard, and Coutts' bank?" asked I.

"Yes," he replied, "the very same; but as my grandfather George III. was supposed to have said of the apple in the dumpling, 'How the devil did they get there?'"

I then told him of the dinner at the Garrick Club, which for the first time explained to me the cause of Jerdan's leaving the room.

The other two anecdotes, namely that of the dog overboard, and Coutts' bank, I should not refer to, except with a view of satisfying any curious reader, should such a being exist. I know myself that I have often wished to hear the particulars of the story of "Old Grouse in the Gun-room," which Hardcastle refers to in that most admirable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and which set his establishment into roars of laughter; and therefore, judging by my own feelings, I will briefly state on the authority of that Prince of good fellows, Dolly FitzClarence, as he was familiarly called, that in a voyage to India he passed a vessel, whether coming in or out of harbour I know not, out of which a dead dog had been thrown overboard, that he immediately recognised the animal as having belonged to a brother, and by that knew that his brother, who was returning home, must be on board, a supposition which on hailing the vessel was found to be true.

This anecdote bears much of the marvellous about it, and may have been, after all, a sailor's yarn; still it is not more curious than

the story of the ring found in the mouth of the fish, so admirably told in a book entitled "Dame Rebecca Bury."

The story of the bank—if I remember right, Coutts'—was that one day Lord Adolphus entered it in company with a friend who was about to have a cheque cashed for a hundred or two hundred pounds.

"I wish I could draw that," said Fitz-Clarence, in a good-humoured, jocose manner, "it would come well in at Christmas time."

"You can draw it," said the civil cashier.

"You mistake me," responded his lordship, "I have no account here."

The man turned round, produced a ledger, and handed it to Lord Adolphus, and there to his surprise he found that the above-mentioned amount was due to him by money paid in by William IV., the existence of which he had not been aware of.

CHAPTER VII.

I RATHER think that I imbibed my love for the stage when, as a boy, I first saw the annual Latin performance got up by the Queen's scholars at Westminster; for although I am ashamed to confess that I could not follow the young actors through a play of Terence's, I understood enough to make me wish to be taking a part, instead of being seated in front as one of the audience. In those days there was no attentton paid to costume, and modern dress was substituted for Roman attire. Thanks to the late Judge Talfourd the above reform took place, and now ample justice, as regards acting, dresses, and scenery, is done to the works of Terence,

who as a comic author fully merits the eulogium paid him by ancient writers.

Terence made his first appearance when Cœcilius, an author whom Cicero declared to to be the best of the comic writers, was at the height of his reputation. It is said that when Terence offered his first play to the Ædiles they sent him to Cœcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cœcilius was then at supper; and, as the young bard was very meanly dressed, he was bid to sit behind on a low stool, and to read his composition. Scarcely, however, had he read a few sentences when Cœcilius desired him to approach, and placed him at the table next to himself. His reputation arose at once to such a height that his "Eunuchus," on its first appearance, was publicly performed twice each day.

There is in the comedy of Terence a tone of truth and nature which distinguishes all its parts. It is discernible in the general simplicity of the plot, in the feelings and sentiments of his characters, in the perfect beauty and familiar elegance of his language. But what Terence wanted was that strong command of judicious

imagery, that *vis comica*, which are frequently to be traced in Plautus.

In all ages, and even in our refined days, the stage has been denounced, not only from the pulpit, but by those who describe themselves as belonging to "serious families." Strange then must be the feelings of an unprejudiced person who, strolling through Westminster Abbey, finds nearly the whole of Poet's Corner devoted to the memory of dramatic writers and stage-players. He will naturally ask how is it that this denounced race, not long since described as vagrants and vagabonds, should be so honoured at their deaths by the Dean and Chapter of that venerable pile which contains the ashes of the great and the illustrious.

How truly has it been said that the players, though the great instruments of innocent mirth, rational amusement, and moral instruction of all the subjects of this free kingdom, have, by an unaccountable fatality, been least protected and most persecuted. Even in the reign of Elizabeth and James I., when, from the people's fondness for theatrical representations, there were no fewer than twenty play-houses open in

cation to His Majesty and to Parliament for the Establishment of a Licensed Theatre in Edinburgh," in which the writer argues against granting the license on religious principles, to which he declares the theatre to be no ways favourable; asserting also that the audience, who overrule the economy of it, will never suffer such restrictions as a serious regard to piety would dictate to restrain their entertainments there. He argues farther, from our statutes, that a theatre is not lawful in a University town, the Act 10, George II., Cap. 19, prohibiting any such representations in Oxford and Cambridge, or within five miles of either of those Universities; and his third argument is that the establishment of a theatre is subversive to the industry and morals of a trading town, both as to masters and servants."

Notwithstanding the above appeal, and others from many worthy old friends to the Kirk, the license was granted, and the theatre in Auld Reekie has ever since held, and still holds, the highest position in the dramatic world.

As in this chapter I have been led to give a good many quotations, with the fear of

critics before me, I venture to hope that the the following authorities upon the subject will in some measure disarm them. Disraeli the elder, in his clever work, the "Curiosities of Literature," remarks :—

"Whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony preluding on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonize;" he adds, "to make a happy quotation is a thing not easily to be done."

Cardinal de Perron used to say that the application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayle has insinuated that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of thought found in a book than in being the first author of the thought. To resume, I must again quote from a foreign writer, who thus defends the Bard of Avon from an attack made upon him by M. Viennet. The clever couplets are from the pen of the Baron D'Ordre:—

"Tu méconnais celui qui, d'un crayon fidèle,
Peignit du roi Lear la douleur paternelle;
Monarque infortuné, chassé de ses états,
Repoussé tour à tour par des enfans ingrats,

with four cheeses for wheels, four black and white quadrupeds as horses, would suddenly become a fashionable drag; and Grimaldi, equipped in a driving-coat made out of blankets, large tin plates for buttons, a bunch of carrots and greens as a bouquet, and a low-crowned hat, would mount the box, looking very much like one of the members of the four-in-hand club. A view of Tilbury Fort would be transformed into a man-of-war. During the evening, Grimaldi introduced a song or two, which produced a perfect *furore*, quite as much for his acting as for his singing. The above, with graceful dances by the Harlequin and Columbine, the senility of the Pantaloon, and some daring leaps, kept the interest of the elder portion of the audience alive, while the juveniles were in a state of perfect rapture from the drawing up of the curtain until its fall.

Such were the performances at the two Winter theatres for years, but at last, owing, we presume, to a depraved taste, or to a falling off of the receipts, the legitimate managers introduced horses, elephants, and dogs into "Blue Beard," "Timour the Tartar," and the "Caravan," which took the place of Foote's, O'Keefe's, George

Colman's, Hook's, Dibdin's, O'Hara's, Garrick's, and Murphy's farces. The transpontine theatres were Astley's, which was highly in fashion during the Summer season, and the Royal Circus, now the Surrey. Here burletta and melodrama flourished.

As Shakespeare could only be performed, according to Act of Parliament, by the monopolists of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, every attempt was made to enable the illegitimists to represent some of his best works. Accordingly "Macbeth" and other plays were converted into burlettas by the simple process of introducing a piano-forte accompaniment during the performance. This of course gave rise to many witticisms, and it was said that "Othello" ought to be, in its converted state, renamed "Is he Jealous?" "Macbeth," "Murder will out;" "Hamlet," "Mad as a March Hare;" "Romeo and Juliet," "How to die for Love;" "The Merchant of Venice," "The Jew;" and the "Tempest," "Raising the Wind."

Such was the state of the Metropolitan theatres some fifty years ago, since which period the Princess's, immortalized by Charles Kean for the

It must, however, be admitted that few singers, either male or female, have proved themselves good actors and actresses. Braham sang the music of the Seraskier, of Rodolph, of Henry Bertram, of Captain Macheath, of Prince Orlando, exquisitely; but his representation of the respective characters was very indifferent; and the same remark may be applied to T. Cooke, Sinclair, Pearman, Duruset, and others. Deference to the fair sex prevents my alluding to those whose acting never rose above mediocrity. Two glorious exceptions occur to me, Miss Maria Tree, afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw, and Madame Vestris, afterwards Mrs. Charles Mathews—both of whom would have ranked as first-rate actresses had they possessed not the slightest musical talent. I need not go further than to refer to Miss M. Tree (I give her her fame name) as Viola and Clari, and to Madame Vestris as Phœbe in "Paul Pry."

Poor Malibran I knew well. I was present at Paris in 1825, when, at the age of sixteen, she made her *début* there. A few years afterwards I saw her at the Gloucester Triennial Musical

Festival, and being taken ill during the performance I assisted her from the cathedral into the open air, and having procured a restorative, she soon recovered from one of those fits she was subject to. This called down her grateful thanks, and from that time we became great friends.

To repeat any anecdotes of this highly gifted artiste is a hazardous task, on account of the number that have already been recorded in her Memoirs; however, I will venture to give one that I believe has never yet appeared in print:—

During the time that Malibran was singing at Drury Lane, and delighting the audience with her exquisite representation of Fidelio and the Maid of Artois, a certain newspaper, the musical notices of which were supposed to be written by the late Honorable Henry Berkeley, M.P. for Bristol, was in the habit of attacking her—hinting that she was a little too much addicted to Barclay and Perkins' porter. The fact was that, in the last scene of the "Maid of Artois"—the desert scene—so great was the exertion that, when reclining on a

bank, she, unknown to the audience, indulged in a glass of this refreshing liquor, handed up to her through a trap-door, so that, as the wags said, there was more *beer* than *bier* in her last scene. One day, at dinner, I spoke to Henry Berkeley upon the subject, and pointed out how kind and amiable Malibran was, especially to those of her own profession.

"I should like to meet her," he said.

"So you shall to-morrow evening," I replied. "Dine with me at the Garrick, and we will go into her room at Drury Lane."

Upon the following evening, at the conclusion of the opera, we entered the syren's room, I having previously mentioned my intention of presenting Mr. Berkeley to her.

"Allow me," I said, "to introduce Mr. Berkeley." He approached her shyly, for he knew that, right or wrong, she suspected him of writing the hostile criticisms; but, to his delight and surprise, she rushed forward, with a smile on her countenance, held out both her hands, and with the utmost *naiveté* said,

"Oh, Monsieur Barclay,"—so she pronounced his name—"I shall never drink another glass of

Barclay and Perkins' without thinking of you." My friend, the member for Bristol, was what is termed a little flabbergasted at the remark, but he soon recovered himself, and, after paying her a few genuine compliments upon her singing, we took our leave. I was present at Manchester during that eventful week when Malibran sang for the last time. I called upon her, accompanied by one of her warmest female friends, on the morning of the 14th September, and seeing her prostrate state urged her not to leave her room. What occurred afterwards I know not, but to my great surprise I saw her come forward, pale as death, with Madame Caradori Allan to sing the duet, "Vanne se alberghi in petto." The result is known; she was conveyed back to her hotel, and on the 23rd breathed her last, at the early age of eight-and-twenty. As a singer and actress this unfortunate daughter of Manuel Garcia was unrivalled; in private life her generosity was unbounded; of her it may be truly said, "She had a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity."

I once passed a week in company with Charles Mathews and Theodore Hook at a cottage near

Windsor, which we took for the Ascot race week, and a more agreeable time I never spent. Hook played a practical joke upon Mathews, which at first put his warm-hearted and somewhat irritable friend out of humour, but his equanimity was soon restored. At breakfast when the subject of ordering dinner was discussed, the comedian mentioned a joint—if I remember right, a roast leg of mutton—as the only one he could not bear to see, and suggested one or two other dishes, fish, flesh, and fowl.

After a long day upon the course, we returned to our suburban villa, very tired, each of us with the appetite of an ostrich, and we sat down expecting to find some water souché of flounders, some spitchcock eels, some veal cutlets, and a roast fowl, when, to the horror of Mathews and myself, for I had not been let into the secret, a tin cover was raised and a Brobdingnag leg of roast mutton appeared.

"Sorry," said Hook's servant, who had been prompted what to say, "no flounders or eels to be had. Mr. Bannister sent the last piece of veal he had to the barracks, and the poulterer has disappointed us of the fowl."

Hook began to fume with sham rage, Mathews with real anger, and I felt so annoyed that I proposed we should order a fly, drive into Windsor, and dine at the "White Hart."

Hook kept up the joke. "By all means, Richard, order a fly, and take away that awful joint. 'The time is out of *joint*,' as Hamlet says."

The order was obeyed, but in a few seconds the man returned with, as we thought, the same dish.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said he, "there's not a fly to be had."

"Then all we can do," said Theodore, "is to make the best of a bad job, so 'good digestion wait on appetite'."

The cover was removed, and to the great delight of the hoaxees, instead of the huge leg of Leicester sheep, a dish of flounders was seen floating in that liquid for which we are indebted to the Hollanders. At the same moment, a bill of fare was presented to Mathews, containing the dishes agreed upon at breakfast. Good-humour was then restored, the comedian merely saying, 'All's well that ends well," while I, *sotto voce*, remarked to Hook:

"Nimis uncis naribus indulges"—("You drive the jest too far.")

Mrs. Opie tells us that "jokes are like sky-rockets, which, though they are meant only to amuse, yet are often, according to the place or object on which they light, the cause of mischief and of pain, if not of destruction." Had the author of "Sayings and Doings" attended to the above most sensible remark, he would have spared himself and his friends much annoyance. Liston, whose physiognomy realized the line of Ariosto, "Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa," was a thorough gentleman, but disappointed many who unreasonably expected him to make himself funny. In society he was quiet and reserved. Upon the boards he was an immense favourite with the laughter-loving public, and even had he not possessed such comic powers to the greatest degree, he might still have exclaimed with the milkmaid in the ballad, "My face is my fortune."

Of Tyrone Power, who was lost in the "President" on the night of the 13th of March, 1841, it may be said, as it was of Garrick: "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and im-

poverished the public stock of harmless pleasures."

In delineating real Irish life, especially in the humbler walks, Power stood unrivalled; his "brogue" was thoroughly Milesian, added to which he sang pleasingly, and was equally great in songs of pathos and of humour.

I once saw "Irish Johnstone" as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and a finer performance I never witnessed. His high-bred tone, his ease, his commanding air, were peculiarly suited for such a character as Sir Lucius, and no one has ever since done so much justice to the part. In farce Johnstone was rich, and his Irish songs, which he sang charmingly, always created a furore.

Charles Young proved himself a most worthy disciple of the Kemble School. His features were handsome, his voice of a fine quality, and whether he appeared as Hamlet, Iago, Brutus, or Cassius, in the highest walks of tragedy, or as the Stranger, Daran, Rolla, Rienzi, in what may be termed the melo-dramatic walk, he was equally great. As Sir Pertinax Macsycophant he was unapproachable

in his day, though Phelps in our time treads close on his heels; and in semi-serious parts, such as Joseph Surface, Falkland, Mr. Oakley, he was second to none. In private life, no man was ever more respected, not only from his social accomplishments, for he sang with taste and expression, but from his urbanity of manner and kindliness of disposition. In Charles Young, the scholar, the gentleman, and the actor were combined.

Frederick Yates I knew when he was attached to the Commissariat Department at Cambray, during the occupation of France by the Allied Army. Before he came regularly on the London boards, he, in company with Charles Mathews, senior, paid a visit to the Duke of Wellington at Mont St. Martin, where they gave a dramatic entertainment. His talent was most versatile, for I myself have seen him as Iago, Falstaff, Gloster in "Jane Shore," Rob Roy, Shylock, Casca, and Sylvester Daggerwood at Covent Garden, and in a variety of other characters at the Adelphi, serious, comic, and melodramatic.

Alfred Wigan ranks as high out of his pro-

fession as he did in it. Nothing could exceed the genius he displayed in "Still Waters Run Deep," and as the French Tutor in "Parents and Guardians."

By selecting characters with which the above excellent artists, and those I am about to enumerate, have identified themselves, I am far from saying that there are not many other parts in which they have shone forth pre-eminently great. Take for instance Charles Kean, whose Macbeth, Hamlet, Shylock, and other Shakespearian characters were conspicuously great, and yet he did not think it *infra dig.* to stamp two parts of an inferior class with standard metal—I allude to "Louis the Eleventh" and the "Corsican Brothers."

John Cooper, who never acted but with the highest credit to himself, proved he possessed most versatile talents. There is scarcely a part he has not undertaken; but in two, the Ghost in "Hamlet," and Tristram Tappy in "Deaf as a Post," he was without a rival.

Phelps can embody the best characters of

refuse to accept him as his successor in the business, thrust the fair one into a closet, to conceal her from the eyes of his visitors during their stay; but what was his horror, when he saw the Juge de Paix place a seal upon the closet? Resistance, however, was out of the question, for it must have been attended with discovery.

" He resolved, therefore, to await patiently the departure of the Juge de Paix and his clerk, intending to force open the door, of which they would doubtless take the key, as soon as they should have left; but, when they had finished, they constituted him keeper of the seals, and the Juge de Paix read over to him Article 252 of the Penal Code, which ran as follows:—'Persons guilty of breaking seals shall be punished with an imprisonment of from two to five years.' The poor fellow heard the Article in agony, and with a heavy heart saw them depart.

" What was now to be done? Hours passed in consultation through the keyhole, and at length he resolved to go to the Juge de Paix, and, appealing to his gallantry, confide to him his secret. He started, but the Juge de Paix

was out supping with a friend, and when he did find him, after some delay, and had told him his story, there was a further hindrance, as the clerk had the key. At length the key was obtained, and the judge, who had been young himself, and could compassionate human frailty, went to the house and released the fair prisoner, gallantly turning his back to her as she left the prison, in order that he might not recognize her features."

The above incident, with some trifling alterations, such as making the lady wife to the judge, a jealous fussy official, who had innocently called at the doctor's house respecting a young female friend affianced against her parents' consent to the assistant, might render it palatable to an English audience, and great fun might be created when the judge and his clerk, in making the inventory, are assured by the assistant that there is nothing of value in the closet, and describing its contents as rubbish —an old mop, a broken pitcher, &c., &c.

Now if any dramatist likes to borrow my idea, and found a farce upon it, I should wish to join him in the undertaking.

to the Society at Wrexham; so, instead of the "sock and buskin," every species of stock there congregated. The comedy of "Speed the Plough" gave way to a practical development of the powers of that implement, and amateur actors were replaced by practical farmers.

At Leamington, some seven-and-thirty years ago, a series of excellent amateur performances were got up in a very pretty theatre erected in the Assembly Room. One of the *corps dramatique*, the eldest son of Sir Charles Chad, who was to act the "Merry Monarch," wrote to Simmons the costumier to the following effect:—

Sir,

I wish a dress sent here next Monday for Charles the Second, I am five foot ten, and perfect symmetry.

Yours obediently,

H. CHAD.

The dress was accordingly sent, and fitted marvellously well.

One of the best amateur performances on record took place in November, 1850, at Kneb-

worth, the seat of Lord Lytton. The pieces selected were Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" followed on the first evening by the farce of "Animal Magnetism," and on the second and third evenings by "Turning the Tables." The cast of the comedy was as follows:

Knowell, an old gentleman, Mr. D. Radcliffe.
Edward Knowell, his son, Mr. Henry Hawkins.
Brainworth, the father's man. Mr. Mark Lemon.
George Downright, a plain squire, Mr. F. Stone.
Wellbred, his half-brother, Mr. Henry Hale.
Kitely, a merchant, Mr. John Forster.
Captain Bobadil, a Paul's man, Mr. C. Dickens.
Master Stephen, a country gull, Mr. D. Jerrold.
Master Mathew, the town gull, Mr. J. Leech.
Thomas Cash, Kitely's cashier. Mr. F. Dickens.
Oliver Cob, a water bearer, Mr. Augustus Egg.
Justice Clement, an old merry magistrate, Hon. Eliot Yorke, M.P.
Roger Formal, his clerk, Mr. Phantom.
Dame Kitely, Kitely's wife, Miss Anne Romer.
Mistress Bridget, his sister, Miss Hogarth.
Tib, Cob's wife, Mrs. Mark Lemon.
The Epilogue written for the occcasion by

F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., was spoken by the author as Knowell, and Mr. Hale as Well-bred.

The whole was under the direction of Charles Dickens, the stage-manager.

The private theatricals at Hitchin Priory ought not to be omitted, for they were got up in a way that reflected the greatest credit upon the hospitable owner, principal actor, and epilogue writer, F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq. In justice to the exertions of all concerned, I cannot refrain from quoting the opinion repeatedly expressed by Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; that for the first time in his experience, often as he had witnessed such attempts, he had not, from the rise to the fall of the curtain, felt the slightest pain for the performers, and that the whole representation had very much exalted his ideas of private theatricals.

I remember on one occasion being present at an amateur performance, when the "Lady of Lyons" was represented. The gentleman who acted Claude Melnotte had evidently studied in the Edmund Kean school, and like that celebrated tragedian, had a trick of dividing his

words; such as converting "I am your prisoner," into "I am your pris-oner." In the scene where Claude hears from Damas that Pauline is faithless, and has to say,

> "One gleam of sunshine,
> And the ice breaks, and I am lost! Oh, Damas,"

the unfortunate amateur laid a slight stress upon the first syllable of his friend's name, and no effect was produced When, however, he got more impassioned and declaimed the lines, "When first I lost her, Damas," he, wishing to make a Kean hit, divided the word Dam-a, and dropping the last letter, delivered it in a way that sounded very like a denunciation, which according to the magisterial penalty for an oath, would have cost him five shillings.

Another curious event occurred one evening at an amateur performance got up at the residence of the late learned Judge, at that time Serjeant Talfourd, in Russell Square. The play selected was "Ion," that masterpiece of the learned Judge; and as it was admirably cast, especially the parts of the "foundling youth," and Clemanthe, the daughter of the High Priest

of the Temple of Apollo, all went well until the second scene of the fourth act, when Phocion and Ctesiphon appear, the former anxiously awaiting the shout, to announce that "Adrastus was slain," and "the bonds of tyranny broken;" the latter giving the unwelcome tidings that Ion, the tyrant's son, had been accepted as the King of Argos. Unfortunately the amateur who acted the son of Medon was not quite perfect in his part, and had to go to the wing for the words of that speech.

> "Why thus severe? Our nature's common wrongs
> Affect thee not; and that which touch'd thee nearly,
> Is well avenged."

Ctesiphon has to reply:

> "Not while the son of him,
> Who smote my father reigns! I little guess'd
> Thou wouldst require a prompter—"

No sooner were these words uttered than a suppressed titter commenced in the front row, which soon extended to a loud laugh; indeed it could scarcely be avoided, for Phocion, fearful of again breaking down, had turned with an imploring look to the man with the book. His companion in the conspiracy again began,

"I little guess'd
Thou wouldst require a prompter,"

another laugh,

"To awake
The memory of the oath so freshly sworn,
Or of the place assign'd to thee by lot,
Should our first champion fail to crush the race."

After such an awful interruption, nothing but the good acting of the *corps dramatique* would have prevented this beautiful drama being converted into a screaming farce, but Phocion rose to the occasion; and in the scene where he attempts the life of his "old playmate," he so far recovered himself as to give due effect to the situation. Then in the interview between Ion and Clemanthe, both artists were so admirable in their parts that the play terminated amidst loud and well-merited applause.

How often have performances been marred, and new plays condemned, through the actor being obliged to turn to that most important personage the prompter, "though lost to sight to memory dear," or from some jocose remark from one of the audience. Among other instances may be mentioned one that took place at

Lunéville, when "La Mélanide" was performed. The actor who represented Darviam quite forgot the words at an important crisis, namely, when declaring his love, but the prompter came to his assistance and in a loud tone repeated them. With the utmost coolness the actor turned to the actress to whom he was paying addresses, and said, "Yes, as that gentleman has told you, &c."

At the Comédie Française, one of the principal artists in a tragedy stopped short after delivering the following line, "I was in Rome, where—" when, finding the prompter not at all disposed to help him out of his difficulty, he turned to him and exclaimed with the utmost dignity, "Well, you varlet, what did I do in Rome?"

A good story is told of a rich banker at Paris, who, though a sexagenarian, fancied himself a perfect Adonis, and was always behind the scenes, hanging about and making love to Mademoiselle Saulnier, to whom the machinist of the Opera House was paying his addresses. Determined to be revenged, and profiting by the moment when his rival, in uttering soft nonsense, had inadvertedly placed his foot upon a cloud,

the machinist gave a whistle, which was the signal for raising the cloud, and when the curtain was drawn up, the audience were not a little edified at seeing the banker, with powdered head, and gorgeously attired in evening costume, embroidered coat and waistcoat, ascending to the clouds by the side of Minerva, represented by the object of his devotion.

Upon another occasion, in the days of pigtails, when an elderly gentleman, with French gallantry, was stooping down to present an actress with a bouquet and kiss her hand, she was suddenly told the stage was waiting; off she ran, and appeared before the audience unconscious that her aged admirer's wig had fallen off and clung to the spangles of her dress. Loud was the laughter of those in front, and louder still was it when the bald-headed victim appeared at the wing shorn of his capillary ornament.

How often too have serious tragedies been condemned or converted into screaming farces by the utterance of some unlucky phrase, which has given rise to a witty response. In "Adélaïde Duguesclin," as it was originally acted, one of the characters asks Coucy, "Es-tu content, Coucy?"

At which the pit immediately exclaimed "*Coussi, Coussi!*"

During the performance of "Andronicus," selected for the *début* of an actor from Lille, the unfortunate man, who had signally failed in the early part of the play, had to deliver the following line:—

"Mais pour ma fuite, ami, quel parti dois-je prendre."

In reply a voice from the front exclaimed:—

"L'ami, prenez la poste, et retournez en Flandre,"

a verse taken from "La Fille Capitaine," in which Angélique has to say:—

"Demain je prends la poste et je retourne en Flandre."

In a play entitled "Sancho Panza," the Duke has to say "I'm beginning to get tired of Sancho."

"And so are we," shouted voices from the pit, which immediately put an end to the performance.

This sudden condemnation gave rise to an excellent critique, that is, if the principle that "brevity is the soul of wit," is admitted. The newspapers the next morning announced.

"Sancho Panza a paru et disparu."

One more instance will suffice. At the first representation of one of Alexandre Dumas's dramas, entitled "Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome," the clock had struck one as the fifth act terminated, and there was a great cry for the epilogue which was to follow. After some delay the curtain was drawn up amidst a considerable uproar, at the moment when Christine is made aware that her dissolution is fast approaching, and interrogates the doctor as to how long she may live, and is told "only one quarter of an hour remains for you." A man got up and standing on a bench, watch in hand, exclaimed, "It is now a quarter past one, and if it is not over by half-past one, we will take our departure." This put an end to the performance.

Amateur performances, when well got up, are in our days little inferior to those represented on the regular boards; indeed, there is no reason why well educated ladies and gentlemen, if they devote sufficient time to study and rehearsals, should not interpret Sheridan, Colman, Tobin, and other writers of comedy, as

well as their professional brethren. It is only within a few years that ladies have thought it not *infra dig.* to appear on the stage when the object is charity. This is a movement in the right direction, for in bygone days it was necessary to engage minor actresses, who too often marred the performance by exaspirating the H, turning the V into a W, or clipping the Queen's English.

In "Hamlet" I heard Ophelia exclaim "O 'elp im, you sweet 'eavens." In the "School for Scandal," when I, as Charles Surface, some years ago at Quebec, urged the "gentle Maria" to give due effect to a concluding speech, she, having been at the commencement almost inaudible, blurted out "I purtest, Sir Peter, I never said no such thing." In the "Honeymoon" I was horrified at hearing Juliana, when asked whether she had shaken the jug of beer, reply, "In course I did," and "H'am I not a duchess now?" Then again, an actress playing the Countess in the "Stranger," when Mrs. Haller inquired if she ever heard of the Countess Walburg, instead of giving the author's words, "I have heard of

such a wretch at a neighbouring Court, she left her husband and fled with a villain," replied, "I 'ave 'eard of sitch a wretch at a neighbouring 'ouse, she left 'er 'usband and ran away with a blackguard."

The above happened some years ago, for in our day the artistes who figure on our London and provincial boards are well educated ladies, and their services are duly appreciated when called upon to support amateurs.

In many instances a smart, well-written charade, and a few *tableaux*, are preferable to dramatic performances; for they are more easily arranged, that is, if under an able manager and a clever carpenter. The temporary theatre should be so contrived that the artists have it in their power to retire into a "green-room," which prevents much talk and confusion behind the scenes. A curtain should be formed so as to open and close from the centre, while for the proscenium, scenes, and wings, a few yards of coloured paper can by ingenuity be converted into all that is required. Two knights in armour, which are always to be found at any decorators, look well in the proscenium; and

Zerlina's song, or a scene written for the occasion, founded upon an anecdote which was told of a nobleman, now the representative of a large county, who upon being chaffed at the hustings by a boy in the crowd who made use of the old slang phrase:

"I say, my Lord, does your mother know you're *out?*"

"Yes, my fine fellow," responded Lord George, "and at four o'clock she'll know I'm *in.*"

Gale can be represented from the first act of the 'Tempest,' while the whole word Nightingale suggests a hospital at Scutari, with the philanthropic Sister of Mercy, Florence Nightingale, administering to the spiritual and bodily wants of the wounded and dying. *Tableaux vivants* can easily be arranged from pictures by ancient and modern masters, or from incidents in dramas and poems. In sacred subjects, Esther before Ahasuerus, by Tintoretto, and the Return of Jephthah, would make interesting *tableaux;* while history furnishes the death of General Wolfe, by West; Henry VIII. and family, including the Queen, Prince Edward,

and the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth; the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. in the Field called the Cloth of Gold, Holbein; marriage of Henry V. with the Princess Catherine, by Kent; Charles I. and Henrietta as Apollo and Diana receiving the Duke of Buckingham as Mercury, who introduces the arts and sciences, by Honthorst.

In humorous and domestic subjects, Wilkie's "Rent Day" forms an admirable *tableau*, as do "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Paying the Reckoning," "The Deserter taken at the Strolling Theatre in the Fair," "The Bailiff scene in the Vicar of Wakefield," "The Press-gang capturing a young waterman on the day of his marriage," "The South Sea Bubble," "Auld Robin Grey," and the "Blind Fiddler." Walter Scott's romances, Byron and Moore's poems, will furnish beautiful *tableaux*, and in order to give good effect to them, a pianoforte accompaniment should be played throughout, commencing with a few bars of introduction, and carrying on the music to illustrate as far as possible the picture represented.

For instance; in the death of Wolfe a battle

piece, ending with a few strains from the Dead March in Saul, might be introduced; in the Marriage of Henry V., a wedding chorus would be appropriate; in the Press-gang scene a selection from Dibdin may be made, including "Tom Bowling," "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Black-eyed Susan." In "Auld Robin Grey" the original melody would be the best accompaniment; an air from "Il Pirata" would be suitable to the "Corsair;" "Love among the Roses" equally so to "Lalla Rookh," and no better air than that of the "Fine old English Gentleman, all of the olden time" could be found for Sir Roger de Coverley.

I now turn to an incident in which I took a principal part in "Lock and Key."

It happened as follows. Among one of the most fascinating actresses that have graced the metropolitan boards in my day, was the late Mrs. Honey, a lady who it was said possessed that most inconvenient of all theatrical appendages, a jealous husband, and certainly his Othello tendencies were strongly developed upon one occasion. Although I never exchanged a word with Mrs. Honey, the green-eyed monster

had taken such hold of her sposo, that he fancied there were lovers in every part of the theatre, and, if applause due to her theatrical talents came from a private box, the occupiers were supposed to be making up to the lady.

One evening a friend of mine and myself took a private box at a theatre in London, at which she was "starring," and to get to the box it was necessary to cross the stage. No sooner were we comfortably seated, when we were certainly perfectly innocent of being demonstrative of loud applause, or of bouquet-throwing, than our attention was attracted to a noise at the box-door, which we found arose from a carpenter who was fastening it up. Against this railway system of being locked up, we stoutly protested, but all we could get from the man was, "Sich is my orders."

At the conclusion of the first piece, I rapped at the door, thrust my card through an aperture, and requested it might be given to the manager. This was accordingly done, the door unfastened, and we were conducted to his sanctum sanctorum. There we stated our case, and pointed out that we should have as soon thought

of walking uninvited into the manager's drawing-room as into the green-room, and that the indignity which had been offered us was one we could not submit to; for of course such a "barring out" would form the subject of much theatrical gossip, and find its way into the newspapers.

Nothing could exceed the politeness of the manager, who tendered us the most ample apology, and explained that we had been unwittingly taken for two gentlemen, or for two persons passing themselves off as gentlemen, who on the previous night had left the box and conducted themselves in a most improper manner behind the scenes, addressing Mrs. Honey in a way that was most unjustifiable. One of the above had written an effusion to this lady, urging her to look with kindness upon the writer, who would occupy the same box as he did the night before; winding up with a hope that "the eyes which had proved so fatal to his comfort might one day beam upon him with a smile of satisfaction and raise him from the misery love had plunged him into,"—the original of which was shown us by the manager. Finding, however,

that we had been earlier in the field and had secured the stage-box, the love-sick swain had contented himself with a front row in the dress-circle, and hence the mistake.

Before I conclude I must give a *jeu d'esprit* generally supposed to have been written by the late James Smith upon the above-mentioned fascinating actress, and which I do not find in his published works:—

"This pair in matrimony,
Go most unequal snacks,
He gets all the Honey,
She gets all the *Whacks*—(Wax).

Another theatrical anecdote occurs to me.

For many years I was on terms of intimate friendship with the late Lord Lytton, at that time residing with his wife at a small country house near London. The late Lady Beaconsfield, then Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, was a constant visitor there, and many a happy afternoon and evening have I passed in company with the above trio.

After lunching one day with Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, it was suggested that we should all meet again at six o'clock, have an early dinner,

and proceed to the Surrey or Victoria Theatre, I forget which, to see the representation of "Paul Clifford," which had recently been dramatised. Upon reaching the theatre, we were told that there was not a place to be had, not even standing room. This was a high compliment to the author, who seemed highly gratified. Not liking to be thwarted I asked for the manager, who at once received me in his private room. After congratulating him on the success of "Paul Clifford," I informed him that the writer of the novel, his wife, and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis were waiting in the entrance-hall anxious to find places.

"I'll see what I can do," said the manager; "my own private box is filled, but I will try to get my friends to occupy seats in the orchestra."

This was accordingly done, and we soon took possession of the empty box, the manager declining to receive any remuneration for it. The drama was admirably performed, and Bulwer was in a state of frantic delight. At its conclusion all eyes were turned to our box, and in a second

the whole audience had risen *en masse* to cheer the principal occupier of it. At first Bulwer shrank back, but we pressed him forward, and when he appeared in front a perfect *furore* took place. I have been present during Royal and Imperial visits to theatres in England, France, Austria, Holland, and Belgium, but I never heard such enthusiastic shouts as were given to the writer of "Paul Clifford" at a transpontine theatre.

In bygone times the King's Theatre, Haymarket, was very differently carried on from what the opera houses are in our days. There were no stalls; the pit, with the exception of an open space called "Fop's Alley," was never the resort of the *élite* of fashion, who only congregated in the boxes, visiting from one to another, and attending the opera more for society than the music, though the ballet was ever an attraction. Nearly every box was taken by the nobility, many of them on the plan of what are termed omnibus boxes. Thus I find from a document now before me, dated 1791, the following list.

Box No. 73, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Box No. 74, H.R.H. the Duke of York.

„ 79, H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

„ 38, His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

„ 111, Rt. Honble. Charles James Fox.

E. The Honble. Mr. Hubbard.

All the above occupied the previous year, but not paid for.

Box 11, Lord Derby; paid.

„ K. His Grace the Duke of Richmond; paid.

„ 40, Lady Milner; paid.

„ 108, Lord Mornington; paid.

Box A. Mr. Bouverie, Lord Broughton, Mrs. Bouverie, Honourable C. Bentinck, Lord R. Spencer, Mr. E. Faulkener, Mr. Hare. Last year unpaid.

Box E. His Grace the Duke of Portland, Her Grace the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Connelly, Mr. Crewe, Mrs. Crewe, Marquis of Titchfield. Paid.

A subscription of forty guineas each, six subscribers, was the price of a box for the season, which forms rather a striking contrast to the sums now given. There seems to have been some misunderstanding with respect to the number of persons the boxes were supposed

to hold, which led to the following correspondence. One thing will strike the reader, namely, that part of the Duke's letter in which he says that Mr. Sheridan has no idea of giving directions to have the subscription money paid for the box returned. No one acted more upon the principle of Falstaff, who remarks "that paying back is a double labour." "No money returned" was evidently Sheridan's motto. The following letter must refer to the period when the Opera House was let for dramatic purposes.

"The Duke of Richmond presents his compliments to Mr. Westley, and is very sorry to hear, by a verbal message he has just received, that he cannot see Mr. Westley this morning, as he was in hopes by a personal meeting to clear up some misunderstanding which he conceives must have given rise to the note the Duke of Richmond received yesterday from Mr. Fosbrook, by Mr. Westley's directions. If Mr. Westley's business would allow him to spare a few minutes, the Duke of Richmond would still hope he might see Mr. Westley to-day at any place and hour he will appoint. If not, the

Duke of Richmond begs Mr. Westley to state in writing in what particulars his plan for tickets is, as mentioned in Mr. Fosbrook's note, *entirely contrary to the directions he received from the Manager and Proprietors*, and what other plan Mr. Westley has to propose, as, however convenient that which the Duke of Richmond has suggested would be to the subscribers, and satisfied as Mr. Fosbrook was with it, the Duke of Richmond will submit to any other plan for tickets which the Proprietors and Management may prefer. The Duke of Richmond showed Mr. Fosbrook's note to Mr. Kemble last night, who assured him that he was perfectly ignorant of Mr. Westley's objections, and at a loss to guess on what they were founded.

"The Duke of Richmond has also reason to believe, from a letter he lately received from Mr. Sheridan, that so far from being likely to send immediate directions to return the subscription money paid for his box, on account of his having merely proposed a plan for tickets, as Mr. Westley supposes, Mr. Sheridan will be disposed to allow of any conveniency which the Duke of Richmond can wish for, consistent with

the security of the interest of the theatre, and the Duke of Richmond can wish for no other.

"Whitehall, 26th October, 1791."

"King's Theatre, Haymaket.

"Mr. Westley presents his respects to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, begs leave to inform him that he has not been able to see the Proprietors since he understood His Grace desired to see Mr. W. on the subject of the box at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. W. humbly conceives, from the tenor of the receipt which Mr. W. was directed to make out for that and other private boxes, that no private box was intended for more than six persons. The words of the receipt left by M. W. at Messrs. Ransoms, Morland, and Hammersley, Pall Mall, were 'Received of his Grace the Duke of Richmond the sum of £252 in full for six subscriptions for the season of 1791-2 for the Box lettered K. in the King's Theatre, Haymarket. (Signed) T. Westley;' which receipt though lodged at the bankers for His Grace, was by some mistake of the banker's clerk not sent, but another sent in its stead. From the words of the receipt, the same as other receipts for the like purpose, it appears

grumbling had they been in the House of Commons during the passing of the Reform Bill. Moreover, at that time, the House was small and ill-ventilated, and the coffee-room abominable. I myself have sat for weeks on an election petition, or on a committee, from ten o'clock till four, and from four o'clock till past that hour on the following morning, and this not only once, but often. I was on the Bedford Election Committee, which was an intricate affair, as it involved a point of law. I was on the Committee to inquire into the conduct of the police at the disturbance at Clerkenwell; on another to look into the affairs of the General Post Office, of which my brother, the late Duke of Richmond was the head; on another, to get rid of the monopoly of the then two Winter Theatres, and passed hours by day and night in the House. The speeches, too, were often long and tedious; indeed, one honourable member, now no more, was seldom or never off his legs, and reminded me of a story told me, when abroad, of a Monsieur de Burdine, a deputy in the Belgian Senate at Brussels, of whom it was said:—

"Il est monté à la tribune le 9 de ce mois, il a

parlé pendant toute la moitié de la séance, or ce n'était là que son exorde. Toute la seconde séance du 10 a été consacrée aux développemens de son exposition, et il n'a pu conclure que le lendemain 11, après avoir dans cette troisième séance occupé la tribune pendant trois heures. Un de ces collègues l'a interrompu le 9 en lui disant, 'Votre discours est la mer à boire.' 'Et vous la boirez,' a répondu l'impassible orateur."

And here I hope I shall be forgiven for laying before my readers the subjects that principally engrossed my attention during my Parliamentary career; for I know that I lay myself open to a charge of egotism in quoting my speeches from Hansard.

July 6th, 1831.—"In rising to claim the attention of the House for a few moments, I trust that the consideration, which has always been shown to a Member when he, for the first time, addresses it, will be extended to me upon this occasion. I will not follow the honourable member for Lincoln (Colonel Sibthorp) through his labyrinth of incongruities, and intricate mazes of visionary theories in which he has introduced a general illumination—berth of

children at Grimsby — that wicked wight Dom Miguel, &c.; nor will I defend the Government from the attack made by the gallant Colonel, that the Bill is not upon a level with his understanding, but merely deprecate the system of making the House of Commons a Foundling Hospital for any Member's illegitimate theories. On the subject of the question, I will refrain from going over the old beaten track; nor will I gratify those opponents, among them the gallant Colonel, who think no Member can be returned without introducing what they call the revolutionary and unconstitutional cry of the King and Reform, Magna Charta and the rights of the people—Gatton—grinding the poor — and the purse-proud oligarchy — and concluding with the cuckoo cry of 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.' I will rather content myself with briefly and dispassionately noticing two positions taken up by the friends of the present system. The first is the old hackneyed doctrine that has ever been brought forward in support of every rotten cause; namely, that, though the system is theoretically bad, yet practically it has worked well.

"Now can it be said that a system works well under which the petitions of the people have been treated with contempt, and when they have called aloud for retrenchment and attention to their grievances, they have been told that their distress was only partial? Can it be said that a system works well, under whose operation the country finds itself groaning under an almost intolerable burden of taxation, and the funds which were wrung from the hard earnings of the productive classes have too often been lavished upon sinecurists, who, in indolence and sloth, have consumed the bread that others have toiled for? Lastly, can it be said that a system works well which notoriously places the representation of the people beyond their own control, and introduces into the House of Commons nominees of certain titled and wealthy proprietors — men who, upon the principle of doing what they 'like with their own,' are quite as likely to exert their influence and votes to forward their own and their patrons aggrandisement as to benefit the people whom they are falsely said to represent.

"The system has been one altogether of patron-

age; and as it has been carried on, is as outrageous to morality as it is pernicious to just government. It gives a scandal to the House of Commons in the eyes of the people; it does more — it undermines the very principles of integrity in their hearts, and gives a fashion to imposture and deception. They hear of individuals bartering in thousands for seats in Parliament, unblushingly selling the franchises of the public, yet making vehement speeches against bribery and corruption. These are the things that vitiate the system; that spread degeneracy, hypocrisy, and sordid fraud over the country; that take from it its energies of virtue, and sap its foundations of patriotism and spirit.

"The next position taken up by the anti-reformers is, that the nomination boroughs are the only means of introducing into the House of Commons men of high talent. Now I am free to admit that there have been, and are men of high-talent thus introduced into the House, and if I required a modern illustration, I would allude to a brilliant speech made by a noble Lord on the opposite side of the House, the

Member for Wootton Basset (Viscount Porchester), but these visitations are 'like angels visits, few and far between;' nor am I prepared to admit that the good is at all commensurate with the evil, nor that it is fair to argue that a good resulting from a bad cause justifies the means by which it is obtained. Now, as to the consistency of the nomination patrons, I would instance my honourable friend, the Member for Grimsby, late member for Gatton (J. V. Shelley, Esq.). That honourable Member made an eloquent appeal in behalf of his cause, and found himself in a minority of 2999 at a county meeting, battling for Gatton as if it was for his heart's blood. Would that his gallant spirit and talents had been employed in a better cause. And what is the result? Why, at the dissolution he, without warning, got notice to quit, not because he did not do his duty to his patron, but because his patron, on the principle of doing what he 'liked with his own,' accommodated another friend of the family. Now a good deal has been said of county meetings being farces; but can there be a more ridiculous burlesque than a Gatton election, in which the patron, the candidates,

the constituents—if constituents there be, and I believe an honourable Member owned to eight, including the footman, cook, and gardener — can all be packed and sent down by the Brighton omnibus. Is it not a mockery, a caricature upon representation, and calculated to throw ridicule upon the House of Commons? In conclusion, I can only look at the success the reformers have met with in the country — ay, even in Scotland, that *beau-ideal* of a boroughmonger's imagination—as the best proof that the measure is congenial to the sentiments of the people at large. In the words of an able writer in the 'New Monthly Magazine:'

"'As well might we expect, Canute like, to arrest the progress of the ocean tide at the bidding of a maniac as to stay the great current of public opinion. It was not a question of expediency—it was a contest of right against usurpation—the right of the middle classes, the wealth and the intelligence, and the mainstay of the British name, to have a voice in the elections of those who are to impose their burdens, and who hold their purses and prospects in their hands.' I have no confidence in the anti-

reformers, still less in some who call themselves moderate 'bit by bit,' 'little as needs be' reformers; for it requires all their ingenuity to point out the virtue of moderation when an evil is admitted on every side. If their houses are falling, are they satisfied with moderate repairs? if on a bed of sickness, are they satisfied with moderate cures—'bit by bit' and 'little as needs be' alleviation of their sufferings? No, their moderation is only extended towards the State whose rottenness is their profit; but soon will there be an end to the system—a system which is, as it were, a political Bastille—the last and tottering bulwark of the feudal boroughmongers.' "

Shortly after I had uttered the above, my maiden speech, and was being congratulated by my friends, a gentleman sent me his card and requested an interview in the Library. I immediately attended the summons, and found Mr. Severn, M.P. for Fowey, waiting for me. He in a most conciliatory and polite manner told me that his friend Colonel Sibthorp felt aggrieved at a remark that had fallen from me, and requested me to withdraw it. I immediately con-

sulted a friend now no more, and it was finally arranged that the Colonel should ask me a question before the termination of the debate, which, if not answered satisfactorily, left him the opportunity of seeking personal redress. This being agreed to, I took my seat in the House, immediately opposite the gallant member for Lincoln, who looked as if he could eat me alive. At last he caught the Speaker's eye and said:

"The noble Lord opposite, in the course of his speech, made use of one expression which I should wish to have explained. I think he spoke of Ministers not having reduced the bill to the level of my understanding. Now I would wish to know what he means by that expression."

To which I replied.

"I only regret the gallant Colonel did not call my attention to the expression at the time when the words I made use of were fresher in my memory than they are now. If, however, he means to ask me whether I meant to cast any personal imputation upon him, I did not; to this I will add that I merely repeated, to the best of my recollection, the words used by the gallant Colonel himself."

This explanation was deemed satisfactory, and an appeal to arms rendered unnecessary.

On August 5th, 1831, Lord William Lennox, said, "I perfectly concur in the sentiments which have fallen from the Honourable Baronet, the Member for Shoreham (Sir Charles Burrell). I think that Brighton ought to have the privilege of sending two Members to Parliament, not only on account of its population, but also on account of the large amount of assessed taxes which it annually pays, namely £31,800; an amount within £11,000 of the assessed taxes paid collectively by Sheffield, Sunderland, Devonport, and Wolverhampton, the four new boroughs in Schedule C. With regard to population, Brighton contains six hundred and thirty-two £10 houses, nine hundred and fifty-one £20 houses, and eleven hundred and eighty £40 houses. The argument advanced on a former evening against giving two Members to each of the boroughs in Schedule C was, that it would give a preponderance to the manufacturing interest. That objection cannot apply to Brighton, and when I look at its wealth, its population, and the respectability of the actual

residents, I think that it ought to have the benefit of two Members."

Upon the 6th of September, 1831, Mr. Alderman Thompson (City of London) brought forward a motion upon the subject of the fees charged on all vessels placed in quarantine, and pointed out the hardship that a ship of fifty tons should pay the same sum as one of five hundred. This proposition was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Althorpe), when Lord William Lennox spoke as follows:

"I would strongly urge the worthy Alderman to persevere in his motion. It is most unjust that ships of two hundred and fifty tons should pay the same as ships of six hundred tons. Besides, as the greater proportion of vessels engaged in the Baltic trade make two voyages in the course of the year, it will be quite fair to take the fee off from the present time. I agree with the Honourable Member for Middlesex that it is very doubtful whether this tax is legal, and, at all events, it is highly inequitable that individuals should pay for the benefit of the country at large."

Again, upon the subject of Reform, Lord

William Lennox said, "There is one peculiarity in the reasoning upon this question; and one which the Honourable Member for Weymouth (Mr. B. Wall) fell into, for it is the invariable practice of our antagonists to arrive at their own conclusions, and to argue up to the cause, as if, forsooth, the effects existed anywhere but in their own apprehensions. Beginning then by stating what will be the results of the measure, and their statements resting upon no other foundation than their own fiat, they denounce the authors of it with all the fervour of their own very peculiar creed. Then, as their fancy rises, they see the surges of revolution breaking high against their own castle walls; in the general confusion that follows, anarchy prevails, democracy triumphs, the church crumbles, good government is trampled under foot, the Crown falls from the monarch's head, a political chaos ensues—for nothing is too marvellous, nothing too monstrous for their distempered imaginations; but have they paused to ask themselves a few practical questions? For I cannot but think that in the common mode of argument, namely, establishing the premises,

we may arrive at conclusions not so very dissimilar. I will suppose that no man can be found to think otherwise than that he is placed in society for the sake of promoting the welfare of his fellow-men; that laws are framed and administered for the benefit of the State in general; that political liberty should be filled up to the exact measure that may give an interest in the State to each individual belonging to it, without endangering the welfare of the whole; and likewise that if the laws are adapted to the customs and character of the people, they must possess a power of elasticity in order to suit them to any change that may take place in those customs or in that character. There is no point that can be controverted herein, except by those who acknowledge no rights, but rights established by prescription, which means, in other words, abuse continued until it has the force of law; but as in a rational debate I can acknowledge no such adversary, so will I not fancy the windmill, that I may have the satisfaction of prevailing against it as a man. Supposing then our purposes either as men or legistators to be admitted, and that they are the welfare of our fellow-man

in his individual capacity, or his general interest in the community to which he belongs—why, I would ask, is the whole order of nature to be reversed because existing laws are found to be incompatible with those interests? In what political vocabulary does the endowment of an acknowledged right mean revolution? or who is he who would stigmatize the conscientious legislator, who would accord it, as a restless anarchist? In what moral code under the sun does he who withholds, deserve better than he who bestows? And let the community in general arbitrate between us as to which of the two parties are sowing the dragon's teeth to spring up in discord amongst us. Let who will decide, I am willing to abide by the consequences. In truth, I can imagine no simpler proposition than that which is before us. The people of England think they are inadequately represented, and come before us with a prayer to amend what they deem a grievance. And here I must acknowledge that their opinions, as to their own representation, do appear to me most worthy of attention.

"I will never consent to claim support for this

measure on so poor an argument as that of expediency. I admit the claim as a right, and I denounce the withholding of it as an act of reckless and arbitrary injustice—an injustice in which the claimants will see, or fancy they see, oppression, self-interest, and many of the worst passions of man militating against them, an injustice which, as no hope will be held out to them of its ever ceasing, may goad them on to worse excesses than the revelry of victory ever yet produced.

"Who will then have caused the confusion? who will have sown the anarchy? which if it prevail not, then shall goodwill take the place of revenge in the human breast, and the pangs of disappointment be exchanged for the promise of hope. I wish not to impose my creed upon the belief of others; but the philosophy of history has taught us little if we have not learnt that the many were not placed on earth solely for the advantage of the few; and when the former know their power, the latter may find themselves in jeopardy.

"The enemies of reform threaten us with the evils of revolution and the establishment of a

republic. Neither one nor the other is to be feared. The people of England have no predilection for any form of government but their own, divested of its abuses. Many croakers predict all sorts of ills from a reform of our own Parliament; but a reform in Parliament is only reducing to practice what the Constitution is in theory. The House of Commons is a safety-valve, through which complaints and grievances find vent; its enlargement will assuredly prevent explosion. With regard to being indebted to the Opposition for rejecting the Bill in the Upper House, I have only to say that, though the Bill may in some measure be improved, it has not compensated for the mischief that has accrued since its rejection in the House of Lords. We should have been grateful had the House of Lords then passed the law, with any amendments they deemed just; but to their rejection, we must ever attribute the evils that have occurred to the commercial, financial, and political interests of the country."

Upon Mr. Warburton (Member for Bridport) moving the Order of the Day for the further consideration in Committee of the Report on

the Anatomy Bill, February 27th, 1832, Lord William Lennox said, "I believe this Bill will prove rather an encouragement than an obstacle to the commission of the crimes which it is intended to prevent. In the cases of persons having the custody of their sick relatives, I am afraid that this Bill will give such individuals a direct interest, if not to murder them, still so to neglect them that they may die, in order that they may sell their bodies. The Honourable Baronet, the Member for the University of Oxford (Sir Robert Inglis), spoke lightly of the rites of burial over the remains of the dissected body. I am of opinion that if you once tell the people that those rites are of no use, and may be dispensed with, you will do great mischief to the public morals. There is more actual good derived from the funeral service being solemnly performed over the body of the dead than the Honourable Baronet seems to be aware of. I have often marked the result of the solemn ceremony on the minds of private soldiers. It is an impressive duty, and one that operates powerfully on the feelings; but if you suffer the body to be carried at once from the bed of death to the

surgeon, all respect for the dead will be done away with. The poor generally object strongly to dissection, and in many instances they are in the habit of either sitting up themselves, or paying others to watch their dead. This may be called a prejudice; but, if it is a prejudice, it is founded upon a good feeling, namely, a respect for the dead; and since the rich are not exposed to the resurrectionist, I cannot see why we should make a law which applies to the poor and not to the rich."

On March 1st, 1832, Lord George Lennox, M.P. for Sussex, begged leave to move to bring in a Billl to extend the provisions of an Act of 7 and 8 George IV., relative to remedies against the Hundred, when Lord William Lennox said, "I have great pleasure in supporting this motion, as I think the same protection ought to be extended to the farmer as to the manufacturer. Can there be a greater anomaly than that which exists at the present moment! If a threshing machine belonging to a farmer is broken by rioters, no relief is afforded him; on the other hand, if his house or furniture is destroyed, he is compensated. I think, too, that by throwing the

thoroughly investigated the question before he brought it forward. Now as to the "illegal traffic." The privilege of forwarding newspapers has been enjoyed by the Clerks of the Road from time immemorial. In the 4th George III. Cap. 24, Sec. 6, the privilege is granted in the following words:—

"'Forasmuch as it has been usual for the clerks in the office of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and also for certain officers in the office of His Majesty's Postmaster-General, to frank printed notes and proceedings in Parliamont, and printed newspapers, to be sent by the post, be it therefore enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that it shall and may be lawful for such clerks and officers as aforesaid, being thereunto licensed by His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, or His Majesty's Postmaster-General respectively, to continue to frank such printed notes, and proceedings in Parliament, and printed newspapers, as they have heretofore been accustomed to frank the same.'

"At that period there was a free trade in newspapers, for none, except the above-mentioned and Members of Parliament could frank news-

papers. In the 9th, George III., the clerks in the Secretary-of-State's office were deprived of this privilege, and a sum of £1500 granted to them as a compensation, which was afterwards raised to £2,500. The privilege of the clerks in the Post-office (of which there are now about eighteen interested), was left undisturbed; so much for the illegality. I will now very briefly point out the advantage gained to the revenue, and to the public convenience. The salaries of the clerks who enjoy the privilege are very trivial, their advantages being taken into consideration; it is therefore a saving of some thousands to the revenue. With regard to the public convenience the advantages are great. The publishers of the evening papers are enabled to send their late editions through the clerks of the Post-office after the box of the public has been closed. It is necessary to close the box for the newspapers at six o'clock; and even a few weeks ago the letters were delayed twenty minutes owing to the mass of newspapers. The public can put newspapers in until half-past seven, by the payment of one halfpenny on each. The clerks have the privilege until near eight o'clock,

May 30th 1832, Lord William Lennox. "I rise to present a petition from the inhabitants of King's Lynn, in favour of the plan of His Majesty's Ministers for Education in Ireland, signed at a numerous and most respectable meeting. I beg to say that I fully concur in the prayer of the petition. Deeply interested in the welfare and prosperity of Ireland, and anxious as anyone can be to promote, as far as lies in my power, a scriptural education, I feel greatly indebted to His Majesty's Government for the proposed plan, which under the existing circumstances of the country is, I think, the best that could be adopted. I sincerely trust the effect of it will be the bringing together, and uniting in charity and brotherly love, the inhabitants of that country. I am aware that there is a counter petition entrusted to the Honourable Member for Hindon, the respectability of the petitioners of which I can vouch for."

Mr. Weyland having presented a counter-petition, and having entered at considerable length into the general subject of education in Ireland, Lord William Lennox made the following appeal: "I would beg to put it to the House whether it is

fair or orderly that, when I present a petition in favour of the system of education in Ireland introduced by Ministers, the Honourable Gentleman should take the opportunity of presenting a petition against that plan, and of making a long statement upon the subject. I know that the feeling of the House for the general accommodation is that every Member, when he presents a petition, should state as briefly as possible his sentiments upon the subjects to which that petition refers. Now I put it to the House whether I did not comply with that understanding, and whether the Honourable Gentleman has done right in entering into a long discussion on the petition which he referred to. I will not detain the House any longer than by repeating that I concur in the prayer of the petition, and that it is most numerously and respectably signed."

June 27th, 1832, Lord W. Lennox said, "I feel great satisfaction in supporting the measure (Privileges of Parliament Bill) of the Hon. Member for Thetford. After so much has been said and done during the last six or seven months for the purifying of this House, I think that a

"No intrusion, I assure you," was my reply. "I am always happy to see any of my Lynn friends."

"Bless me, my Lord, you're looking better than you did last election. Father, brother, and I plumped for you. They live in the High Street, mayhap you don't recollect me, I carried a banner, 'Lennox, the friend of the people.'"

"I certainly do not remember your face," I responded.

"I've just returned from Kent, where my wife's family live, to bury my poor child, who was brought up by his grandfather, died last Tuesday, only six years of age."

"Poor fellow!" I said.

"Well, my Lord, to the point, I've a favour to ask, would you kindly give me a frank to father?"

"Certainly," I replied, delighted at the thought of getting off so cheap, "as many as you please."

Mr. Keed, for that was the name he gave me, now took out of his side-pocket a letter, with the following address, Mr. Keed, High Street, King's Lynn, Norfolk. While writing the frank,

my *soi-disant* constituent administered a pretty strong dose of soft-sawder.

"Oh, my Lord, your letter on Reform has been printed in gold letters, framed and glazed, all over the town." Of course I acknowledged this flattering compliment with a gracious smile. "Colonel Walpole will never show again, your Lordship is absolutely adored at King's Lynn."

As the time was getting on, I began to get a little impatient, and said, "Well, Keed, remember me to your father, brother, and all friends, and whenever you require any franks, send to me at all times."

"One other favour, my Lord." I gave a slight hem. "Would you allow the answer from my father to come under cover to you? I've written to him to forward me ten pounds, which he owes me for a bill I paid for him in London."

"Oh, certainly," I responded. "Where shall I send his letter to you?"

"I'll call, my Lord, on Thursday morning. Good day, my Lord."

"Good day, Keed; tell all the pinks and whites I hope shortly to be among them."

"I will, my Lord, they'll be truly glad to see

you. And now I think of it, my Lord, you could do me a little favour." A place in the customs, excise, or post-office flitted across my mind. "Could you advance me three pounds out of the ten? I'm staying at the 'Blue Boar,' Holborn, and it's rather expensive." At that moment my servant entered the room, and informed me that a friend had called for me to take me to dinner.

"Well, Keed, here's the money," said I, rather impatiently; "but remember, I act only as your banker until Thursday—no bribery is my motto, my constituents, like Cæsar's wife, must not be suspected."

"I'd scorn the action, my Lord," replied Keed, indignantly, at the same time pocketing the money and the affront. "You may always depend upon father, brother, and myself, we always votes conscientiously;" my friend then bowed and retired. Thursday arrived, no letter from the father, no visit from the son.

Mentioning the circumstance to my colleague, George Bentinck, he exclaimed, "Why, you've not been done by that swindler? He called at Harcourt House, but I happened to be out, and

my servant, suspecting something wrong, asked him to leave his name. This he declined to do, and of course now I shall hear no more of him."

I certainly felt a little crest-fallen at finding I had been victimised by one whom I had innocently considered to be a free and independent constituent.

A few evenings afterwards, when dining in the coffee-room of the House of Commons, I was joined by a noble lord, who in course of conversation told me how ingloriously he had been taken in by one of the industrious classes of the metropolis. As this distinguished lord still exists, I feel that although I do not mind publishing anecdotes of my own "green salad" days, as Cleopatra calls them, I should not be justified in chronicling his name, and shall therefore make use of those useful blanks which come to the aid of an author when debarred by delicate motives from publishing a name. The story runs as follows:—

About one o'clock on a fine bright May morning, an obtrusive knock was heard at the door of Lord ———, in ——— Sqnare. The knock was repeated, and in a few minutes a drowsy, powder-headed, pampered footman, who,

like his prototype Sir Harry in "High Life below Stairs," had had a late revel on the previous night, left his easy chair, in which he had been poring over the columns of the "Morning Post," to open the door to the intruder.

"Well, young man," said he, "what is your business?" addressing himself to a man dressed in a sailor's garb, and carrying a huge gilt cage with a parrot.

"My name's John Turner, his Lordship knows me, I was once mate of the cutter yacht 'Coral,' I've brought a letter and this bird for his Lordship, which I am to deliver in person."

"His Lordship is engaged," said the lackey.

Mr. Turner knew his man. "I've a box of cigars here, that I brought home from Cuba, perhaps you'll accept a few."

"Well, as I occasionally indulge, they will be useful. How much do you ask for the box?"

"I can't part with all—you are welcome to a few."

The footman retired, and in a few minutes returned, saying his Lordship would see Mr. Turner in his morning-room. Upon entering it

the sailor began to spin the following yarn:

"I beg your pardon, my Lord, for intruding, I fear your Lordship has forgot one Jack Turner, who was on board the 'Coral' yacht when you took a cruise to Cherbourg. At the death of the owner—ah! he was a gentleman, so kind to all—I met with an accident which laid me on a sick-bed for many weeks; upon recovering I shipped on board Admiral Sartorius' ship, was wounded, and again was laid up on my beam ends. Without a shilling in my pocket, I called upon your Lordship; I hadn't spliced the main brace for two blessed days. There was a merchantman going to the West Indies, in which I offered to work my passage out. During my illness she had gone round to Southampton, I hadn't the means of getting there. Your Lordship felt for a sailor in distress, you advanced me a pound, and it has been the means of making my fortune. I reached Southampton; the Blue Peter was flying on board the 'Arab Chief.' Nothing happened on our voyage out, the old barky took us safe to the West Indies. It was on a dark, stormy night, with a strong nor-wester blowing at the rate of ten knots an hour, a regular sneezer and

shorter, when we were on our way to the mouth of the Amazon. We had left Port Royal, on the south side of Jamaica, the day afore, and were passing between the islands of Montserrat and Guadaloupe. Well, we were beating across the channel under a heavy press, with the hope of clearing the shoals afore morning. All hands were on deck, clearing off, and taking in our light canvas, for the gale kept increasing, and our main mast creaked heavily, when the watch ahead sang out, 'Helm a lee, sail ahead.' Before the words were scarcely out, we were upon the vessel; we struck her about midships, carrying away our bowsprit. At this moment a heavy sea struck our ship and washed the captain overboard. I lowered the life-buoy, and in the twinkling of a handspike manned the long-boat. I steered to where I had heard his cries; we found him clinging to part of the wreck, nearly exhausted; we soon brought him to. The jolly boat fared worse; she had tried to save part of the schooner's crew and was swamped—the boatswain and eight fine fellows were lost in her. I was promoted, and a pension was allowed me by the captain for life; and here I have come to

thank your Lordship, and pay back the sum you were kind enough to lend me."

His Lordship was touched by this narrative, and after assuring the tar that he was delighted at having been the means of doing him so much service, declined the proffered sum. Lord —— was now racking his brain for an excuse to offer the honest seaman some token in admiration of his honesty, when the the "son of the ocean" soon furnished him with an opportunity. "And, my Lord, I've one favour to ask, which is that your Lordship will kindly accept this bird. I brought it all the way from Jamaica; it belonged to an old lady that died there—talks like a human being, 'Come, Poll! Pretty Poll, talk to his Lordship.'" The parrot attended to his master's bidding, in language certainly not well adapted for ears polite. "Now, if your Lordship would please to accept the bird, I shall feel greatly obliged."

"I could not think of robbing you of so beautiful a bird," replied Lord ——.

"No robbery, I assure you," responded the *soi-disant* sailor.

"Well, Turner, you are an honest fellow, and

if you will accept the enclosed trifle (his Lordship had put a five-pound note in an envelope) you will confer a great obligation upon me."

"You hurt my feelings, my Lord, but since you are so kind, why, I can't refuse, and here's good luck to you," said the "artful dodger," as he deposited the five-pound note in a leather pouch. "I've a comrade waiting for me round the corner; I'll just change the bird's cage, get some seed, and leave instructions with your Lordship's servant how to feed him."

"Thank you, my fine fellow."

Mr. Turner then retired, and, I need scarcely add, never returned. In less than an hour he had doffed his sailor's garb for a suit of sables, had assumed the form of a distressed artizan who "had seen better days," with a wife and six children, had gained admission to the presence of a most devout elderly lady, and moved her compassion; and what he thought more to the purpose, he had induced her to open her purse by the very affecting recital of his wife's uncomplaining mildness and patience under severe trials, of his children's helplessness, and his own abject poverty. In less than a month,

Lord—— had the satisfaction of hearing that through the spirited exertions of the Mendicity Society, Mr. Turner's career had been interrupted, and that he himself was undergoing hard labour in Brixton Prison.

But "dodges" of this sort were not confined to begging-letter impostors, for I heard of one practised by a sheriff's officer, and a more clever artifice I never recollect, save and except that one, in which a gallant captain, who was hotly pursued by the myrmidons of the law, took refuge in Vauxhall Gardens, and under the pretence of being the "Times" correspondent, mounted the air in Green's balloon, while his pursuers watched his exit at every gate. But to my story: A brother of an M.P., finding sundry writs out against him, sought protection in his brother's country house, and for a long time remained in safety; of course no one was admitted into the house, except persons known to the servants, others undergoing a severe scrutiny. One morning a man upon crutches, dressed as a sailor, and apparently without legs, rang the bell, and was immediately told to "move on," by the Cerberus

keeping watch at the door. "I wish to say one word to his honour, I'm on my beam-ends, having lost both my legs in boarding a pirate's vessel on the coast of Africa."

"You must apply to the parish," said the porter, slamming the door in "poor Jack's face." Again the bell was rung, and again the same answer. This went on for a considerable time, until the senator's attention was called to the importunate beggar.

"Just step out," said he to his brother, "I'm very busy, and threaten to send for the constable." Off started the impecunious refugee, and in a violent passion ordered the man to leave the premises.

"Please, Sir, be good enough to open the gate, for I'm but a poor cripple," said the sailor, "and if I let go one of my crutches I shall be done for."

"All right," said the other, rushing forward to open the gate, when in the twinkling of an eye the wooden pegs and crutches were discarded, and the sheriff's officer darted towards the unfortunate debtor, tapped him on the shoulder, presented the writ, and made him a prisoner.

Volumes might be written upon the quaint sayings that the multitude indulge in during the excitement of a contested election. Upon one occasion when my brother Arthur, who represented Chichester for many years, was addressing the populace from the hustings, he made use of the expression "mongrel politician," in reference to some half-bred agitator who had advocated anarchy and confusion. Upon uttering the above words, a man in the crowd, shabbily dressed, but who evidently knew that the Lennox family owed their origin to King Charles the Second, Mademoiselle de Querouaille, afterwards created Duchess of Portsmouth, being the mother of the first Duke of Richmond, and who knew how to make use of his knowledge of genealogy, started up and said, "Political mongrel—now, my Lord, I'll tell you what I call a political mongrel—it is a puppy who can trace his breeding from a Charles the Second spaniel and a Portsmouth ——" applying a name more generally in use when speaking of a female of the canine tribe, than of one of the human race; but which in the above instance was cruelly pointed.

At Lynn once, when a radical spouter was

talking loudly of liberty, he concluded his speech by exclaiming, "Liberty is a plant," he was about to add "of English growth," but was unfortunately interrupted by a man in the crowd, crying out, "And so is a cabbage;" at the same time suiting the action to the word, and throwing a huge specimen of this vegetable at the head of the patriotic orator.

One day, when about to return to London from Lynn, where I had been to attend a public dinner, I was pressed by a friend to accompany him and his party to a property he possessed near Thetford, for a morning's shooting. To this, I cheerfully assented, and sent my servant and luggage on to London, intending to travel up by myself by the night mail, which passed through Thetford about nine o'clock. It was a fine frosty day; and after enjoying the sport for about six hours, I proceeded on foot to an excellent hotel called the "Bell," kept by a most worthy landlord, and asked to be shown into a private room, having some letters to write. I had previously indulged in a regular hot lunch after shooting, and, when asked by the obsequious waiter what I should like for dinner, replied that I had dined, but

that I should like a glass of brandy and water.

This very mild order, added to my costume, which consisted of a velveteen jacket, torn in one or two places in scrambling through the briers—for, in the days I write of, sportsmen walked up, and had not their game driven to them—a pair of corduroy trowsers, somewhat soiled with dust, gunpowder, and the blood of hares and pheasants, and a hat slightly covered with rime from the trees, and riddled a little with shot from a "random gunner," gave the waiter no very exalted idea of "the gent in the Sun," as he was pleased to designate me. Indeed, I could not fail to notice that he quietly carried away with him sundry silver spoons from the sideboard, after casting a most suspicious look at me.

Having finished my letters, I walked forth to post them (for in those days, Members of Parliament had the privilege of franking), not wishing to be known as M.P. for Lynn, more especially as I was about to travel in a public conveyance, instead of a chariot and pair, which I was then wont to use when visiting my friends in Norfolk.

low public; and a much more fitting place than the 'Bell' for such like people."

"In course," replied Jim, giving his head a regular Lord Burleigh shake.

"Will you believe it, Jim? all he called for was a glass of brandy-and-water, and that in a private room. Why, in course, he was afraid of showing his face. Now, suppose you step down and tell the constable that there are two suspicious parties loitering about; and ask him to keep a sharp look-out after the one who is in our house, while I will remain until master returns home from East Hurling. It's a sad pity he's away. In the meantime, keep it dark, or we may put the scoundrels on their guard."

As it was a bright moonlight night, I strolled about the small market-town for more than an hour; and, while so doing, I could not help fancying that I was being watched, for, whenever I looked round, I saw a man close behind me. Ascertaining from a paper that the London mail was shortly to be expected, and wishing to procure some straw to keep my feet warm, I walked down the yard of the inn to speak to the ostler on the subject, and entered

the stable door which was open. In a second it was closed upon me, and I heard a voice exclaim:

"This way, master! We've caught one of 'em in the act."

"Where's the constable?" inquired another.

"Here," replied the constable, "I've dodged the fellow for the last half hour; but take care, he'll probably resist us."

"That he will," responded the waiter. "He's probably armed with a pistol, he left the case in the 'Sun.'"

"Bring me a lantern," said one, who I afterwards found was my host of the 'Bell;' "there may be some mistake."

The lantern was brought, the door unlocked, and the landlord, followed by the constable, waiter, and ostler, entered.

"Lord William Lennox," said the master of the hotel, as the light was thrown upon me.

"Yes," I replied. "One of the members for King's Lynn, now made prisoner by the free and independent men of Thetford."

"Pray walk in!" said the civil host. "I have to offer your Lordship every apology for the act of my servants; but in these times—"

"Say no more," I responded. "The mistake was a very natural one; and it is better to be over-careful than negligent. Perhaps, Jim," I added, addressing the crest-fallen hero, and slipping half-a-crown into his hand, "you will put a little straw upon the foot-board; it was that which took me into the stable; and, constable, perhaps you would like to drink my health after your half hour's walk, and, waiter, let me have another glass of brandy and water, and don't forget a silver spoon," I continued, to the member of the fraternity of the 'coming, Sir's.' "This will pay you for your trouble, and for both glasses."

Having settled all claims upon me, I followed mine host into his snug bar, where I sat until the guard's horn informed me that the mail was driving up to the door. I then took leave of the landlord and proceeded on my way to London, happy to find that, after "so much ado about nothing," the performance wound up with "all's well that ends well."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAW OF PRIMOGENITURE—GAVELKIND—GAMBLING—"KEEP OFF THE TURF"—CLUBS—BROOKS'—WHITE'S—PATRONS AND VICTIMS OF THE GAMING-TABLE—LINES ON FOX—FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE—HIS LETTER TO GEORGE SELWYN—LETTERS FROM JOHN HARE—"THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS"—WILLIAM PITT—FEMALE GAMESTERS—LADY ELIZABETH LUTTRELL.

was priest to the family. Among the Jews, he was consecrated to the Lord, had a double portion of the inheritance, and succeeded in the government of the family or kingdom. The priesthood was not annexed to a certain family till after the promulgation of the law of Moses. Before that time, the first-born of every family was a priest. With respect to the double portion of the first-born, two interpretations exist. Some believe that half of the whole inheritance was given to the elder brother, and that the other half was shared in equal parts among the rest of his brethren. But the Rabbins say, on the contrary, that the first-born took for his share twice as much as any of his brothers. If a father left six sons, they made a division into seven equal parts; whereof the eldest had two, and each of the others one. If the eldest was dead and had left children, his right devolved upon his children and his heirs.

In every nation of Europe the right of primogeniture prevails in some degree at present, but it did not prevail always. The law which calls the elder-born to the crown, preferable to the others, was not introduced into France till very

late; it was unknown to the first race of kings, and even to the second. The four sons of Clovis shared the kingdom equally among themselves; and Louis le Débonnaire did the same; it was not till the race of Hugh Capet, that the prerogative of succession to the crown was appropriated to the first-born.

By the ancient custom of gavel-kind, still preserved in some parts of our island, primogeniture was of no account; the paternal estate being equally shared by all the sons. The word gavel-kind is said by Lambard to be compounded of three Saxon words, *gyfe*, *eal*, *kyn*, "*omnibus cognatione proximis data.*" Verstegan calls it *gavel-kind*, "give all kind," that is, to each child his part; and Taylor, in his history of *gavel-kind*, derives it from the British *gavel*, *i.e.*, a hold or tenure, and *cenned*, "*generatio aut familia*;" and so *gavel cenned* might signify *tenura generationis*. It is well known what struggles the Kentish men made to preserve their ancient liberties, and with how much success those struggles were attended. And as it is principally here that we meet with the custom of gavel-kind (though it was and is found in some other parts of the king-

dom) we may fairly conclude that this was a part of these liberties; agreeable to Selden's opinion that gavel-kind, before the Norman conquest, was the general custom of the realm.

The distinguishing properties of this tenure are various; some of the principal are these:— 1. The tenant is of age sufficient to alienate his estate by sessment, at the age of fifteen. 2. The estate does not escheat in case of an attainder and execution for felony; the maxim being "the father to the bough, the son to the plough." 3. In most places he had a power of devising lands by will, before the statute for that purpose was made. 4. The lands descend, not to the eldest, youngest, or any one son only, but to all the sons together; which was indeed anciently the most usual course of descent all over England, though in particular places particular customs prevailed.

At the death of Alexander the Third, who was killed in 1286 by a fall from his horse, Margaret, born of Eric, King of Norway, and of Margaret, daughter of the Scottish monarch, was acknowledged Queen of Scotland, though a female, and an infant, and a foreigner. By the sudden death of this Norwegian princess

in 1291, the succession to the crown became an object of dispute between Baliol and Bruce. The former had undoubtedly the right of primogeniture, but the latter stood in one degree of nearer relation to the deceased Sovereign; and the Scottish barons, not being able to determine whose claim was best founded, referred the question to Edward I. of England, and thereby involved their country in a long and ruinous war. After a general disquisition into the question, and of debate among the commissioners appointed by Edward, Baliol, and Bruce, the principle of primogeniture was recognised, and Baliol was put in possession of the kingdom.

Before I enter more fully into the question, I will allude to a vice, the carrying on of which has led to most ruinous results, and which furnishes a strong argument, perhaps the only one, against the law of primogeniture. Gaming has at all times been looked upon as a thing of pernicious consequence, and has thus been severely denounced. It is considered as a practice generally intended to supply or retrieve the expenses occasioned by *luxury;* it being a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do

themselves, or pocket their pride by office drudgery, they managed to "grin and bear it," and were content, so long as "the old house at home" had not changed hands, that the primeval oaks still flourished, and that the family pictures were not doomed, like those of Charles Surface, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. If once, however, Wilkie's scene of the Rent Day, slightly altered, is enacted, and the Sheriff's officers and their myrmidons pollute the hearth, occupy the arm-chair that has descended from generation to generation, and pounce with their legal claws on objects hallowed by fond recollections, then must a spirit rise within the breasts of our modern Jacobs, and make them deprecate a system which, perverted from its original object, has proved so fatal to their own comfort, and has destroyed the *prestige* of their noble lineage by lowering instead of exalting the class whom it was meant to benefit.

In order to prove that my ideas are not visionary, I would, without prying into cases only known through private channels, refer to those which are patent to the whole world, as recorded in works of undoubted veracity, or gleaned from

public newspapers. The majority of the instances we quote, of " ruthless ruin" falling on families, are attributable to excessive gaming or reckless extravagance. Gambling may be divided into two kinds—the turf and private play, for, happily for the youth of London, public gaming-houses are no longer allowed to exist. How different is it now, in that respect, from what it was some thirty years ago, when Vice became so illustrious as to require for her residence a palace in which the " upper ten thousand" could revel in gilded saloons, and luxuriate in the choicest dainties at a supper which the liberality of the proprietor provided *gratuitously* for his guests. This, in the long run, often became an expensive item to them, from a feeling of self-pride that it was unfair thus to tax their host without throwing down a sovereign for the good of the bank, which in numerous cases was the forerunner of thousands.

In addition to these fashionable Pandemoniums, there were multitudes of low haunts, called by a less euphonious but more distinctive name. Let us enter the interior of one of these second halls of Eblis, the infamous nocturnal

£100,000, and *mirabile dictu*, from that moment gave up play. With the proceeds of his gains he bought the estate of Woolbeding, near Midhurst, in Sussex.

Another gambling club, originally started as a dining-club, was opened by Wattier, *chef de cuisine* to the Prince Regent, His Royal Highness acting the part of what would now be termed "promoter." With Madison, one of the Prince's establishment, as manager, and Labourie, cook from the kitchen of the modern Sardanapalus, the club flourished for many years, but, owing to high play, it fell into disrepute and closed. It subsequently was opened as a gaming club, over which Taylor, well known in play circles, presided.

When gaming to a large extent ceased at the two "Houses of Call for Whigs and Tories," Crockford opened a club in Pall Mall, which was afterwards removed to St. James's Street, now the Wellington. Here the late Lords Thanet, Granville, Lichfield, Allen, Sefton, and Chesterfield, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, D'Orsay, the Honourable George Anson, Auriol, nick-named "Crockford's ugly customer," Ball Hughes, Tom Duncombe, "Finsbury's pride and England's

glory," as he was called, kept the game alive, much to the enrichment of the proprietor, but at an alarming sacrifice of capital to themselves. Ball Hughes (the Golden Ball) lost much of his gilding by play, for not only did he sacrifice fortune at Crockford's, but he was always dribbling away every farthing he received at any game that he could get up at his own house. One evening he would keep a bank at hazard; on another he would introduce vingt-et-un or "blind-hookey." Then he would bet at billiards or tennis, at neither of which games was he a proficient, and upon one occasion he lost a very considerable sum at battledore and shuttlecock, playing against the kind-hearted, eccentric nobleman, Lord Petersham. In short from five pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber at whist, down to pitch and toss for a hundred, Ball Hughes was ever ready to back himself. When peace with France was proclaimed in 1815, Paris was thronged with Englishmen, and the Salon des Etrangers offered a most tempting *rendezvous*, not only for confirmed gamesters, but for those who liked good living, the dinners there being first-rate. Dante's line, "Voi ch'entrate, lasciate

ogni speranza," would have been an appropriate motto for this splendid establishment, for many a man was ruined within its walls, some ending their wretched existence by committing suicide. Amongst the English *habitués* at the Salon were the late Lord Thanet, Honourable G. Talbot, Colonel Sowerby of the Guards, Henry Baring, and Hall Standish, all of whom fell victims to their infatuation for play. Among other notorieties of the day who flourished some fifty years ago may be mentioned Scrope Davies, to whom Byron dedicated his poem of Parisina, as one "whose talents he had long admired, and whose friendship he valued." He was, however, an inveterate gamester, and, although for a length of time Fortune favoured him, eventually he became a ruined man.

John Heneage Jesse, in that truly amusing work, "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," gives a most graphic description of the "men about town" at that period, and the letters, which are most valuable and amusing, throw great light on the gambling deeds of the "upper ten thousand." Let us borrow one from the Earl of March and Ruglen, afterwards the Duke of Queensberry, to his friend George Selwyn.

It runs as follows :—

"Sunday Morning, 1765.

"Dear George,

"So you have lost a thousand pounds, which you have done twenty times in your life-time, and won it again as often, and why should not the same thing happen again? I make no doubt that it will. I am sorry, however, that you have lost your money; it is unpleasant. In the meantime what signifies the nonsense of White's? You may be sure that they will be glad you have lost your money; not because they dislike you, but because they like to laugh. As to your banker, I will call there to-morrow, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts'. There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time. You may be very sure this will soon be known here. All that signifies nothing; the disagreeable part is having lost your money; Almack's or White's will bring all back again.

"Yours ever,

"M. & R.

Anxious to preserve dates, I have given this letter according to the period in which it was

written; others will follow later, all more or less to the same purport. With the same object in view, I transcribe one from Gibbon, who, in a letter to Lord Sheffield, February, 1771, referring to the debate in the House of Commons relative to relieving the clergy from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, observes :—

"I congratulate you on the late victory of our dear Mamma, the Church of England, &c. By-the-by, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all about eleven thousand pounds."

Horace Walpole also writes to General Conway, on the 22nd of June,

"I do not think I can find in Patin or Plato, nay, nor in Aristotle, a parallel case to Charles Fox; there are advertised to be sold more annuities of his and his society, to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds a year! I wonder what he will do next, when he has sold the estates of all his friends."

And here let me remark, though I shall, when on the subject of the turf, refer again to Charles

James Fox, that this distinguished statesman lived to see the day when he sold or mortgaged every source of livelihood or profit which he had hitherto been in the enjoyment of, including the proceeds of his sinecure office, of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, amounting to £2,000 a year, and his estate at Kingsgate, near Margate, bequeathed to him by his father.

On coming into office with Lord North in 1783, he sold his horses, and erased his name from several of the clubs of which he was a member. It was not long, however, before he again purchased a stud, and in October, 1783, he attended the meeting at Newmarket. The King's messenger was obliged to appear on the course, to seek one of the Ministers of England among the sportsmen on the heath, to deliver despatches upon which the fate of the country might have depended.

The messenger, on these occasions, hid his badge of office, which was a grey-hound—a *fox*-hound would have been more appropriate—not liking that the world should know that the King's adviser was amusing himself at Newmarket when he should have been serving him in the metropolis. But Charles Fox preferred the betting rooms to

Downing Street. Indeed it was said of him "from the House of Commons to the faro table, from the faro table to Newmarket, and from Newmarket to the House of Commons," were still as much as ever, to Fox, direct and natural transitions. He was the most undaunted and unsuccessful gambler at Brook's, and was often heard to say that the greatest pleasure in life was winning at hazard, and the next approaching to it was losing at hazard. He frequently sat up till a late hour in the morning, when, without going to bed, he adjourned to the House of Commons and spoke with his usual eloquence.

The following lines, written by General Fitzpatrick upon Stephen Fox, the elder brother, were equally applicable to Charles :—

"In gaming, indeed, he's the stoutest of cocks,
No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card—if he rattles a box—
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."

Another victim to play was Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle (whose poems were so severely handled by Byron), as may be seen by

the following letter addressed to his friend George Selwyn.

"December 5th, 1775.

"As for hazard, the depriving you of so great a pleasure, or of any pleasure, I am sure is very far from my intention; no one would wish more to contribute to them. We have both been shipwrecked upon that coast, and a very dangerous one it is. There are some who play with you, who play (I mean fairly) with such apparent advantages that every farthing we have must, at last, get into their pockets. This is a disagreeable consideration."

Again he writes:

"July, 1776.

"I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly; though, perhaps, the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole. You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me; it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to."

Endorsed by George Selwyn, " After the loss of the £10,000."

The Honorable General Fitzgerald, celebrated as the friend of Charles Fox, as well as on account of his brilliant talents and powers of conversation, may be added to the list of those whose fatal attachment to the gaming-table caused their ruin. He thus describes his feelings in a letter to the witty and accomplished Selwyn: " I am very sorry to hear the night ended so ill; but to give you some idea of the utter impossibility of my being useful upon the occasion, I will inform you of the state of my affairs." Here follows what is termed a Flemish account of the state of the gallant officer's funds. He then quietly asks, " What can be done? If I should coin my heart, or drop my blood into drachms, I would do it, though by this time I should, probably, have neither heart nor blood left. I am afraid you will find Stephen in the same state of insolvency. Adieu, I am obliged to you for the gentleness and moderation of your dun, considering how long I have been your debtor." The above is rather a cool way of addressing a creditor of long standing.

To show how the magnates of the land were bitten by the prevailing mania, we have only to call the attention of our readers to the following letter from John Hare, called by the Duchess of Gordon, from his universal popularity, "the Hare with many Friends," dated June 27, 1778, in which we find the following allusion to Lords Foley and Derby. "Foley, from an apprehension that his income will exceed his establishment, and that he shall have more money than he can devise means of spending, has engaged again on the turf, in confederacy with Derby, who likewise is incumbered with great sums of ready money. Seriously, George, it is quite unpardonable folly in both of them. Lady Derby, on hearing of this association, said she wondered they should think it necessary to join in doing what they might both so well accomplish separately—to ruin themselves."

Let me now turn to "England's Heaven-born minister," the Right Honourable William Pitt, who, as second son of the great Lord Chatham, possessed no landed estate, no funded property, nor even a life-annuity. His brother, Lord Chatham, as necessitous as Pitt, could afford

Shortly before his death, the clamours and incursions of creditors increased. A sheriff's officer at length arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off, when Doctor Bain interfered, and, by threatening the officer with the responsibility he must incur, if, as was but too probable, his prisoner should expire on the way, averted this outrage. The above illustrious individuals did not stand alone, for I could name hundreds of men whom I have known or seen about town, who, after passing a great portion of their time in the Queen's Bench, London, have ended their days in the debtors' prison in France.

How graphically has a writer in "Household Words" described the head-quarters of fashion and play, the clubs in St. James's Street, as they existed in the days of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. "The first gentleman in Europe" has lounged with Dick Sheridan in the bow-window of its clubs. In those club-houses, lords with stars, and lords with garters, have played at whist, vingt-et-un, loo, Pope Joan, picquet, cribbage, spadille, manille, basto, moro, blind-hookey, roulette, rouge-et-noir, lansquenet, and backgammon; nay, have even condescended to cut cards for guineas, to top half-crowns in a

hat, to bet upon a beetle race, the colour of a horse, the number of pages in a book, the number of bristles in a brush. In those club-houses the fairest patrimonies have been wasted, the noblest names soiled, the most glorious achievements dragged in the dust. There the miser's son has squandered the old man's dearly-hoarded pieces; there the jointure of the widow and the portion of the orphan have been wasted; there the seeds of madness have been sown, and the crop of dishonesty reaped; there those dicer's oaths, so famously false, have been sworn; there the Jew bill-discounters and mortgage-mongers have snuffed their prey as the vulture does the camel in Mr. Warren's picture, and in good time have fattened upon them—they have been the hells and hell."

Return we to our immediate subject. Nor, in the days we write of, were ladies exempt from the fatal passion of gaming, as may be seen by the following remarks on Miss Pelham, daughter of a First Minister of Great Britain. "For she became," writes Wraxall, "the most infatuated gamester in the three kingdoms, unless Lady Elizabeth Luttrell formed an exception. When seated at faro, she sometimes exhibited all the

variations of distress, or rather of anguish, in her countenance." Mr. Pelham, having no son, bequeathed to her and her younger sister that charming retreat in Surrey, which Thomson justly celebrates, when, tracing the Vale of Thames, he mentions :—

> " Esher's groves,
> Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
> By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
> From courts and senates Pelham finds repose."

Miss Pelham, who found neither felicity nor repose among those shades, and whose whole faculties were concentered in the occupation of play, dissipated her fortune, and, notwithstanding her great connections of every kind, reduced herself in age to absolute dependence for support on her sister's affection. The Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, above referred to, was a younger sister of the Duchess of Cumberland. She inherited no portion of the Duchess's beauty, elegance, or prudence. Coarse, and destitute of softness in her manners, wanting principle, and devoured by a rage for play, she finally closed her life in a manner the most humiliating as well as tragical.

In our time, gaming has been carried on to